

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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LIBERTY CRETONNES

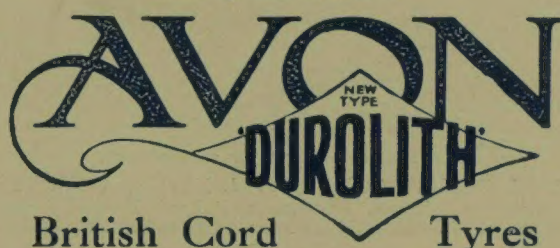
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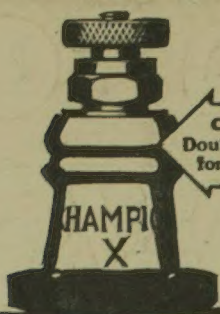
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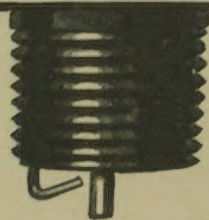
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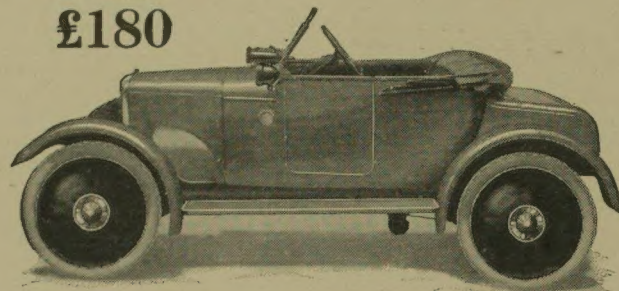
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£180



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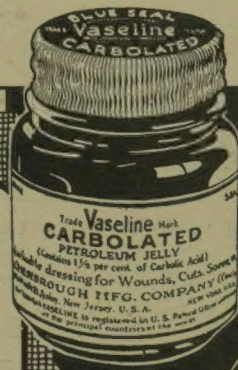
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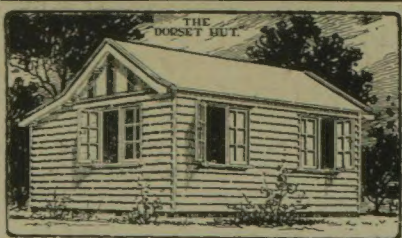
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(Weekly)

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N.B.—Do not think that this prize is likely to be won by more than one person—at most, not more than two or three are likely to be successful—as there are many possible combinations of twelve numbers.

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In Summer and Winter in sunshine and rain
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And join in the games of the girls and the boys
What makes him always in form at the courts
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What keeps him fit though he's turned 43
And works in the city just like you and me
How does he manage to dodge pains and ills?

It isn't a secret he takes
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"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"



'Nerves' rob you of beauty!

'Nerves' steal your good looks. They put the crow's feet around your eyes, the wrinkles on your forehead. Get rid of them by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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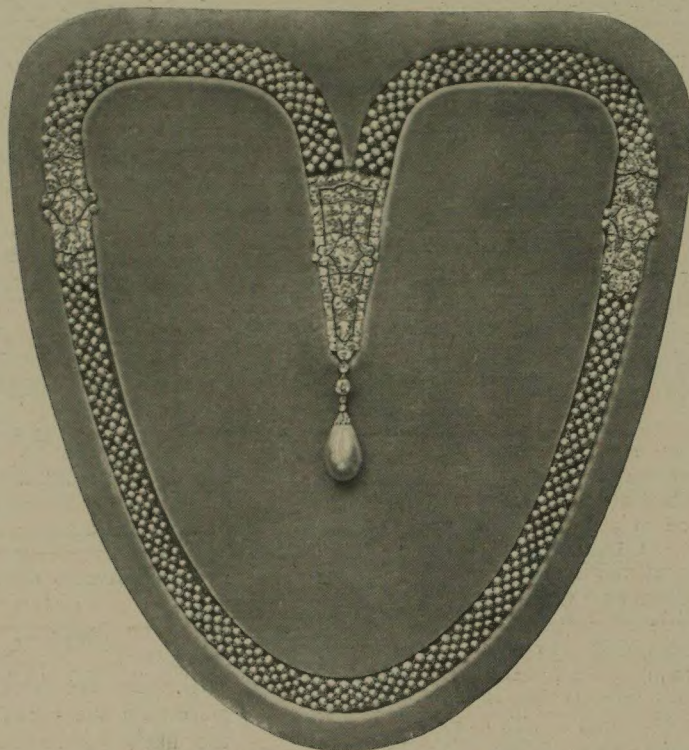
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923.

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P
THE UNKNOWN BRITISH SOLDIER IN FRANCE," WHICH WILL AROUSE MUCH INTEREST
AT THE ACADEMY: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

It is safe
Unknown
at this y

William Orpen's Royal Academy picture, "The
nce," will be one of the most-talked-of canvases
William, who holds the military rank of Major,

received his knighthood, as a K.B.E., in 1918. In that year, it may be recalled,
he held an exhibition of war pictures, many of which he presented to the
nation. He is also the author of a war book, "An Onlooker in France."

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that somebody or other, in reviewing Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's striking and searching study called "England After the War," has said that nobody could expect Mr. Masterman to understand Mr. Chesterton. Now, I have every reason to believe that Mr. Masterman and I are exactly the sort of people who do understand each other; though he was always labelled a pessimist when I was labelled an optimist. We understood each other because we agreed in not judging things by labels. And it is precisely because I think he does understand that I wish to explain; for it is no good explaining such personal things to people who do not understand. I wish to give him the true explanation of something. He says about me, in effect, that I used to be an optimist trying to awake wonder at common things, but have become too much of a war controversialist. "He has seen the world fall to pieces in the extremity of misery and pain; and the proclamation of the greatness of the thistledown and the pillar-box has passed into controversy more brilliant, indeed, but almost as tedious as that of most of his competitors, on whether Germany was responsible for the war, and how much we should eat of her now we have won."

Now, I think I could make Mr. Masterman see, much quicker than most people, that there really is a very direct connection between my early fairy-tales about the thistledown and the pillar-box and our controversial case in the late war. Of course, a man cannot fill his life with fairy-tales; it is his business to take serious things seriously, to defend justice and do his best for his country. In such a war a romancer ought to be proud to become a controversialist, as a hair-dresser is proud to become a soldier. But in this case there is no inconsistency, but a very close connection. When I was called an optimist for saying we should wonder at the thistledown or thank God for the pillar-box, I was saying something that I should still say, and especially as to the real moral of the Great War. It is a moral that seems to be entirely missed; and I think it is hugely important.

The disappointment after the war, including the disappointment of Mr. Masterman, seems to me to have been due to the very fact that the world went into it with a false notion of *progress*. We thought a man could only fight to *improve* things; and especially to improve his own position. We forgot that a man may fight not to improve things, but to rescue them. He may fight, not to improve his position, but to save his life. It is not fantastically quixotic to say that he may sometimes even fight to save somebody else's life. To save things implies that they are worth saving; and the point is that their very peril makes us feel that they are worth saving. But it is unreasonable to expect them to be intrinsically improved only by being nearly destroyed. Perseus delivers Andromeda from the monster; and everybody naturally rejoices, not excluding Andromeda. But it would be unreasonable to expect Andromeda to be actually improved in health by being exposed to the sea-breezes, on the analogy of sea-bathing. It would be too exacting to demand that she should not only live happily ever after, but actually grow younger every day. What may reasonably be expected is that her family, which had got used to her good looks, may realise that such beauty is something to be loved, when it has been nearly lost. St. George kills the dragon and saves the princess; and we are glad, unless we are among those imperial or international

evolutionists who always desire the smaller organism to be absorbed into the larger. But it would be irrational to expect the princess to turn into a goddess merely by being tied to a tree. It is nonsense to say that St. George ought to have worked a miracle, and turned the princess into three princesses with a touch of his magic spear. The change might be appropriate to the polygamous regions of the Sultan, her papa; but the most we can hope for is not to present the Sultan with three daughters, but to teach him to appreciate one. Now, the whole of this notion of appreciating what we have got was entirely ignored by the pessimists of the period when Mr. Masterman and I were young. That indifference to the intrinsic beauty of things, apart from the improvement of things, was the thing against which I urged the claims of the thistledown and the pillar-box. I was quite certain that, if people had not imagination enough to enjoy things in themselves, they would not enjoy them in any infinite or ideal extension. I was sure that if people saw no significance at all in the present function of the present pillar-box, they would see none in a

which is hidden from those who cannot imagine anything except their own progressive prejudice, their monomania of meliorism. They cannot bring themselves to believe that a mother wishes to rescue a baby, not an improved baby, from a burning house; that a man wishes to relieve his friend, not his more fully developed friend, from the gallows. The war was not a scheme elaborately constructed to make things better. It was the successful beating off of besieging barbarians who wanted to make things worse. It did not make things better than they were, but better than they would have been.

Nor is this a barren retrospect, unless the whole study of history is a barren retrospect. It is very important to insist on whatever is the main moral of history; and I hold that history has for its main moral this defensive war against the destroyers of civilisation. Sometimes the civilisation itself becomes very corrupt or oppressive, and has to be cleansed by democratic reforms and revolutions; and Mr. Masterman knows that I have been mostly on the side of those revolutions. But it is only quite recently that the only historic test has been this notion of innovation and improvement. Most of the heroes of legend and history have been great because they saved society. The Great War was great because it saved society. It could not have been waged by pessimists who did not think Society worth saving. In other words, it could not have been waged by men who did not think pillar-boxes and other common objects worth saving. That is what I mean by saying that there is a direct connection between the mysticism of wonder and the morality of war. But it is also true that we cannot say we saved them without deciding from whom they were saved. This theory of the defence of human culture implies that there are enemies of human culture, people who are liable to attack human culture; and I think there are. And it is not in the least irrelevant to discuss whether they did it, if only because they are quite likely to do it again.

On the particular point of responsibility for the war, and whether retrospective debate on it is barren, I am content to wait till Mr. Masterman or anybody else has answered a perfectly

plain question I have often repeated without getting a reply. If we merely forget and forgive in the matter of who began the war, are we not plainly telling the next aggressor to begin a war and all will be forgotten and forgiven? If we merely distribute the blame for the sin on all parties, are we not obviously encouraging the next man to commit the sin in the hope of distributing the blame? I have never been able to see the answer to that argument, and I have never heard Mr. Masterman or any of his school attempt to give one. They are always asking for an international tribunal. But a tribunal is not a thing that forgets and forgives; it is a thing that investigates and decides. If there were such a tribunal, it would have to decide who began the last war, in order to prevent the next one. But I am not dealing with these large political matters, but only with a personal point about common sense and common sentiment. I know Mr. Masterman is a pacifist or the inhuman sort of pacifist; and so far from misunderstanding me very well if after such varied tirades of our youth.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BELGIUM: A GROUP SHOWING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (SEATED)—PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND KING ALBERT; AND (STANDING) PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRABANT, AND PRINCE CHARLES.

The principal ceremony which took place during the Prince of Wales's visit to Brussels consisted of the presentation by the Prince to the King of the Belgians of the British monument of gratitude to the Belgian nation for their succour of our wounded and prisoners during the war. Our group shows the King and Queen of the Belgians with their royal guest and their three children. Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, was born in November 1901; Prince Charles Theodore, Count of Flanders, in October 1903; and Princess Marie José in August 1906.—[Photograph by Speight.]

row of pillar-boxes as regular as lamp-posts, or as continuous as railings, erected all the way down the street by the beatific bureaucracy of the Fabian State. I was sure that if people did not realise that a chance tuft of thistledown drifting in the air was a dazzling and divine mystery, they would see quite as little in rows of carefully cultivated thistles, the appropriate vegetarian diet of the professors of scientific sociology.

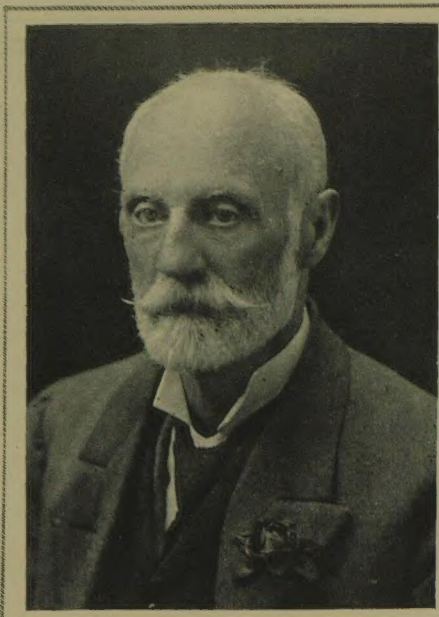
Now, the war did point that moral of the intrinsic preciousness of threatened things. I did really look at the pillar-box at the street corner, when it seemed to glow red under black skies where the birds of death were abroad and all the lights extinguished. It was all the more bursting with symbolism because it might at any moment literally burst under a bomb out of the sky. I should really have looked at the thistledown, or at the thistle itself, in its bristling halo of defiance, with more of the militant mysticism with which a Scotsman would regard it: "Nemo me impune lacessit." Ordinary things did seem to be extraordinary—not because they were being improved, but because they were being defended and delivered. And that was the true triumph of the Great War,

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, VANDYK BERTRAM PARK, INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS, AND LAFAYETTE.



AN IRISH PEER
DEAD: THE LATE
LORD CAREW.



NOVELIST, AND
STAINED-GLASS
EXPERT: THE LATE
MR. F. MORRIS
DRAKE.



A GREAT FRONTIER
OFFICER: THE LATE
SIR RICHARD UDNY,
K.C.S.I.

CHAIRMAN OF THE
BETTING TAX COM-
MITTEE: MR. H. S.
CAUTLEY, K.C., M.P.



A VETERAN LIBERAL PARLIAMENTARIAN:
THE LATE SIR A. C. MORTON.



SCORER OF BOLTON'S FIRST GOAL
IN THE CUP FINAL: JACK.



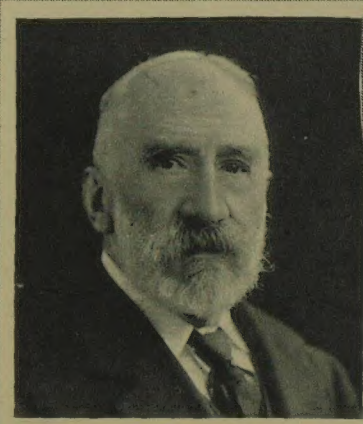
ENGAGED TO LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH:
CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES STUART.



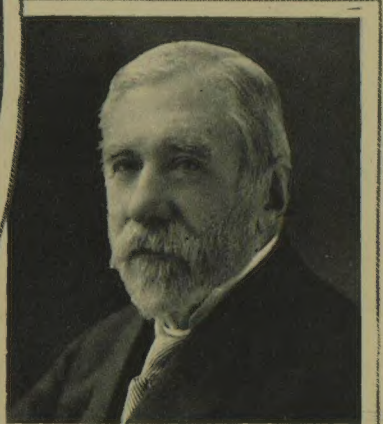
ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES
STUART: LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.



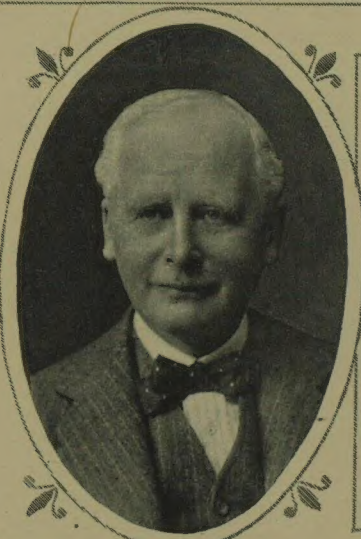
SCORER OF BOLTON'S SECOND GOAL
IN THE CUP FINAL: J. R. SMITH.



BREWER AND PUBLIC BENEFACITOR:
THE LATE SIR J. C. HOLDER, BT.



AN AUTHORITY ON ENGLISH PLATE:
THE LATE SIR CHARLES JACKSON.



NEW MASTER OF UNIVER-
SITY COLLEGE, OXFORD:
SIR MICHAEL SADLER.



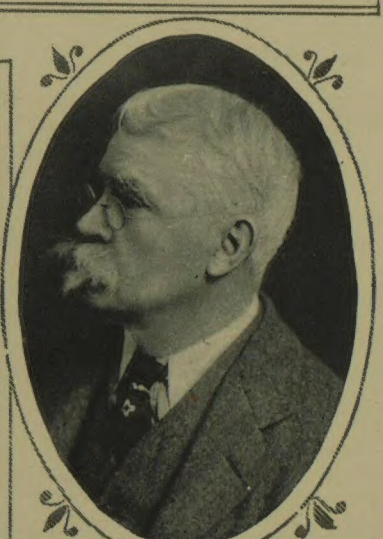
ELECTED AN A.R.A.:
MR. LEONARD CAMPBELL
TAYLOR.



ELECTED AN R.A.: MR. GLYN
PHILPOT, THE WELL-KNOWN
PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR.
WILFRID GABRIEL DE GLEHN,
THE PAINTER.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER
DEAD: THE LATE MR. MARK
FISHER, R.A.

Lord Carew, who was born in 1860, succeeded his father as third Baron in 1881.—Sir A. C. Morton, who was 83, represented Peterborough for six years and Sutherlandshire for twelve years.—Mr. Frederick Morris Drake wrote "Wrack" and other novels, and "A History of English Stained Glass." He served in the war, with the Dorsets, the D.C.L.I., and the R.A.F.—Mr. H. S. Cautley has been M.P. for the East Grinstead Division since 1910, and formerly for East Leeds.—Sir Richard Udny entered the Punjab Civil Service in 1869, and spent thirty years on the frontier. He was knighted for his services as chief Political Officer in the Tirah Expedition.—Sir John Holder was head of the Midland Brewery at Birmingham, and a benefactor of the Hospital and University.—Captain the Hon. James Stuart, youngest son of Lord Moray, served in the war, and was

for a time Equerry to the Duke of York. Lady Rachel Cavendish is a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire and was a bridesmaid to Princess Mary.—Sir Charles Jackson was a great expert on old plate, on which he wrote two standard works, "English Goldsmiths and their Marks" and an "Illustrated History of English Plate."—Sir Michael Sadler, the eminent educationist, has been Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University for some 12 years.—Mr. L. C. Taylor first exhibited at the Academy in 1898.—Mr. Glyn Philpot, whose exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries we illustrated on April 21, became an A.R.A. eight years ago.—Mr. W. G. de Glehn is well known as a painter, stained-glass designer, and decorator.—Mr. Mark Fisher was born at Boston, U.S.A., but had long settled in England. His "Feeding the Fowls" was bought by the Chantrey Trustees.

SECTIONAL STAGES LONG BEFORE "ANGELO" WAS PRODUCED. AT DRURY LANE: CONTINUOUS DRAMA IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED

BY A. FORESTIER.

"KING HENRY VIII."

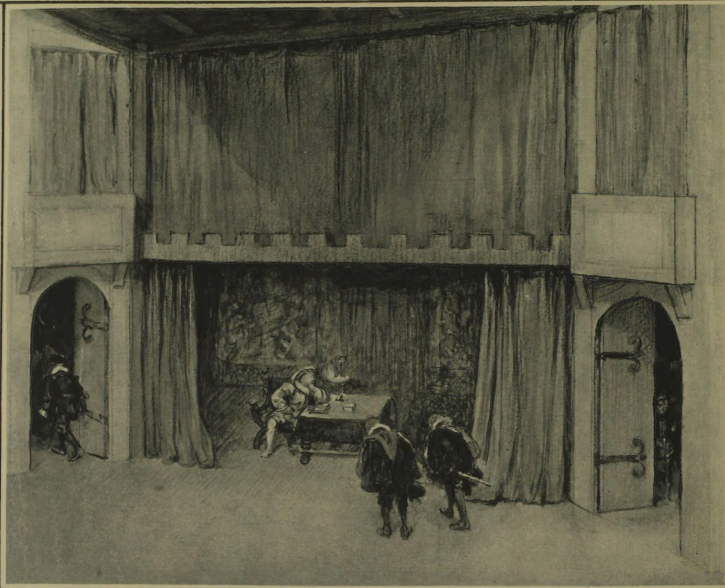
Act II., Scene 2.—An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

(1) OUTER STAGE.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.
Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.
Exit the Lord Chamberlain.

(2) INNER STAGE.

The King is discovered sitting and reading pensively as Norfolk opens a folding door.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Act II., Scene 6.—Venice, Before Shylock's House.

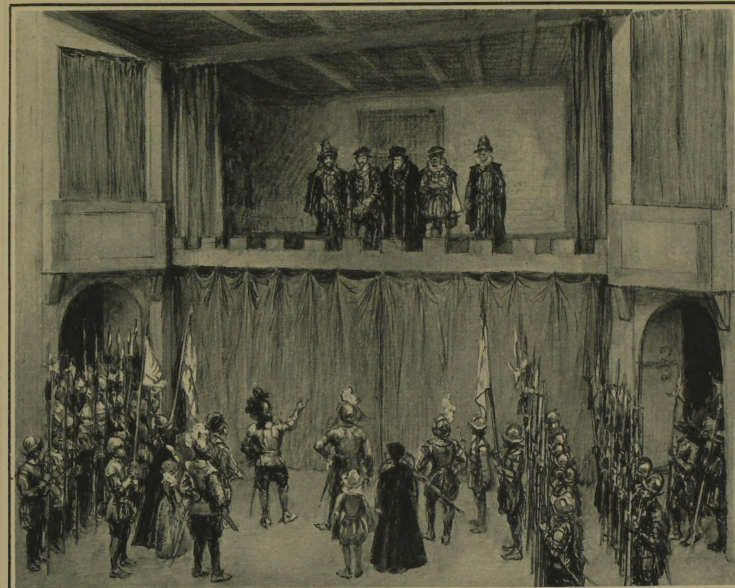
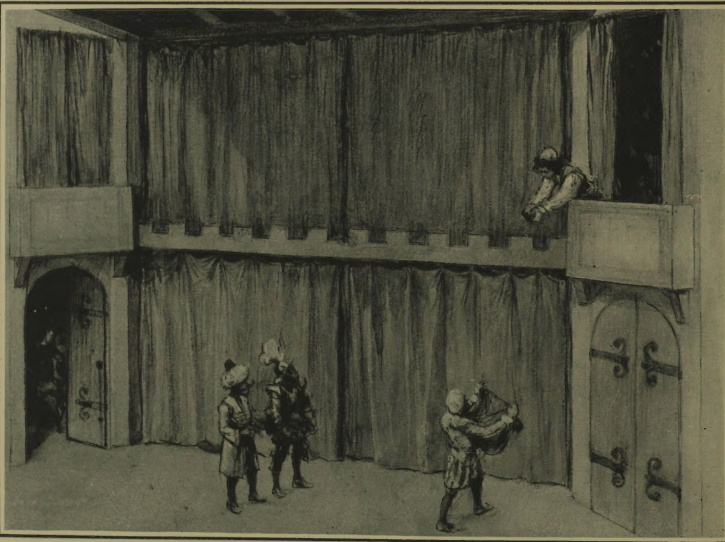
OUTER STAGE.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio, masked.
Enter Lorenzo, disguised.

BALCONY (ABOVE).

Enter Jessica, in boy's clothes.

Jessica: "Here, catch this casket. It is worth the pains."



"KING JOHN."

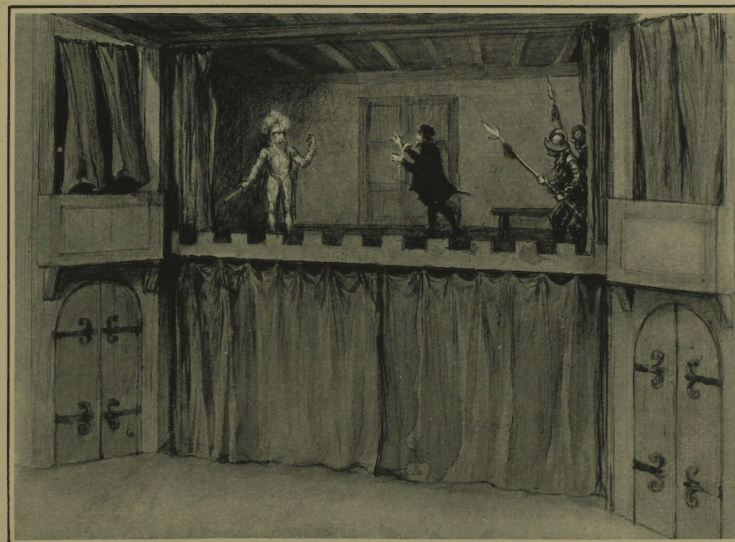
Act II., Scene 1.—France, Before the walls of Angiers.

OUTER STAGE.

Enter (on one side) the Archduke of Austria and forces.
Enter (opposite) Philip King of France and forces, Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and attendants.
Enter King John, Eleanor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and forces.

GALLERY (ABOVE).

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.



"HAMLET."

Act I., Scene 4.—The Platform.

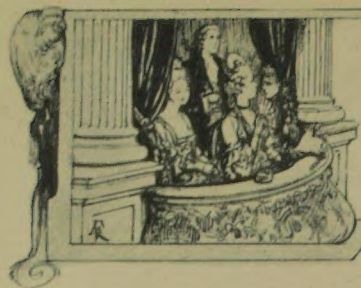
GALLERY.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.
Enter Ghost. Ghost beckons Hamlet.
Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

(Alternatively, Scene IV. may have been acted on the Outer Stage, and Scene V. in the Gallery, as a remote part of the Platform, between the Ghost and Hamlet, before the re-appearance of Horatio and Marcellus.)

These interesting drawings have been done by Mr. Forestier to show that the principle of a stage divided into sections (upper and lower) for continuous drama, as in the recent production of "Angelo" (illustrated in our issue of April 7), is no new thing, but was used in the old Elizabethan theatres of Shakespeare's day. There was not, of course, at that time any elaborate stage mechanism, such as that installed at Drury Lane; in fact, there was no mechanism at all beyond the drawing of curtains, as the sectional arrangement was part of the permanent structure. In a note on his drawings, Mr. Forestier says: "The stage consisted of two parts, the outer stage and the inner stage, divided by a curtain. Access to the outer stage was through two opposite doors. The outer stage was a large platform (corresponding to our much enlarged proscenium), and any scene that took place anywhere in the open air (for instance, in a street or a place, a field or heath—or, for that matter, in a hall or large apartment) was acted on the outer stage. Access to this outer stage was obtained through two

side doors (proscenium doors): single, or several actors could enter according to directions. The scene was acted before the curtains that closed the inner stage. The next scene might take place on the inner stage—which would represent a room, or any sort of enclosed place. The curtains had merely to be thrown open, and the play would continue without interruption. Above the proscenium doors were two windows. Some scenes were played from the outer stage to the windows. The curtain opened, and some player appeared who spoke to the others below, as in the scene of "The Merchant of Venice" selected as an example. An analogous situation is that of Juliet speaking from her balcony to Romeo. Above the inner stage was the gallery, perhaps provided with a balcony, or, as suggested by Albright ("The Shakespearean Stage"), with a battlement, which served to suggest a castle, a town gate, or a wall. This gallery was of the same size as the inner stage below, and could likewise be closed by a pair of curtains.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



WHY "ANGELO" AND "TRESPASSES" FAILED.

WHEN on all sides you hear the words "failure" and "dulness," even the most open-minded spectator would be forgiven for being accessible to prejudice. Rarely have the words been flaunted so broadcast; even on the promenade on the Riviera they were echoed by English people perusing the newly arrived London papers. Still, I wanted to see for myself, and, firmly determined to judge by my own impressions, I followed the wisdom of Ulysses, and sealed my ears with the imaginary wax of independence.

The funereal gauze curtain which floated over the orchestra was surely an unhappy preparation; nor was the Egyptian darkness into which the house became plunged apt to raise one's spirits. But after the opening scene, when Angelo appeared and the tale of his artistic tribulations materialised in the pictures, interest awakened. What was said did not matter; the *tableaux vivants* told it all. And beautiful were some of the visions: the composer's musing in the Eldorado garden; his meeting with the sweet maiden and her old-fashioned parents; the interference of the demon-like monk; the migration to the court; the cabal; the interrupted rehearsal; the anger of the composer; at length the triumph of his work, the apotheosis when "flights of angels" sang his glory. It was all very eerie, at times dramatic. It would never have been dull if Miss Macgill had not been so colourless, and Moscovitch, excellent as the composer with his Beethoven mask in middle age, had realised love's young dream. I thought of Henry Ainley when he created Quinney.

In the *entr'acte* I met a young English writer who had seen the play once or twice in Berlin, and he agreed with me in appreciation of Arthur

So what happened was this: Our playgoers went to see a new play of which wonderful stories were circulated beforehand. What they saw fascinated

and very interesting picture of City life. Also, it had a daring and logical unhappy ending—unhappy in the sense of the average playgoer's hoping for a reconciliation between the elderly husband and the young wife who had fallen in love with his partner, and went away with him to start a new life. But the finale was but the *coup de grâce*; the real cause of the failure was that business plays generally spell ruin on our stage. Even a fine American play, "The Lion and the Mouse," with a memorable performance by Edward Bree, after phenomenal success in the States, died prematurely in London; and Sir Herbert Tree could hardly obtain a *succès d'estime* with the famous "Business is Business," by Octave Mirbeau. The truth is that our people, mainly occupied by business all day and every day, want to get away from the money-making atmosphere in the theatre, and do not appreciate the effort, however dexterous, to show how money is made.

I, who have devoted a lifetime to the City, and who not only admired but was engrossed in Mr. Percy's skilful reproduction of office life, of market manipulations, of speculative machinations, of the business man at work and at home, found the play intensely interesting. I felt the earnest intentions of the author; I enjoyed the true ring of the City part of the story. But the fact remains that the average playgoer is bored by business in the theatre; that he does not understand the portent of the events placed before him; that he is wearied by details of contracts, futures, fluctuations, and devices of "bulling and bearing." A "spec." in linseed for a rise, or one in "shellac" for a fall, excites him not. It is caviare (or indifferent) to him;

it sounds Greek—so much so that somebody near to me, a lady, asked her neighbour: "What is shellac?" and "What does all this mean?" I thought of the judge and "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" But such is the general knowledge of the public. I remember another famous play, by America's best playwright of the time, Bronson Howard. It was called "The Henrietta," and when it came to London, it was predicted that it would be the talk of the town. There was a great scene in which the ticker of the Exchange Telegraph announced a change of fortune while the hero lay dead in his office. The Press sang praises, but the public would not have it. For this was a Stock Exchange play, and all about contangos and rise and fall, things about which the majority knew nothing—or perhaps too much, to their cost. And so it failed, in spite of great merits. So let Mr. Percy take heart of grace. His is merely a brilliant failure. He is a victim of circumstance.



THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCESS AT THE STRAND THEATRE: MISS PAULINE LORD, MR. FRANK SHANNON, AND MR. GEORGE MARION IN "ANNA CHRISTIE."

Anna (Miss Pauline Lord) is the daughter of Chris Christopherson (Mr. George Marion), a New York bargee, to whom she returns after fifteen years. Mat Burke (Mr. Frank Shannon) is her lover. There is a tense scene in which she confesses her past to them.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

them at moments, although, for want of lucid explanation by dialogue, they did not

always quite "take in" what they saw; and, since what they heard was spasmodic, more introductory to the pictures than coherent and dramatic; since the characters of whose significance they knew nothing were shadowy; since there was a total absence of humour—they were, to put it plainly, "most honourably bored." Before transplanting "Kreisler" to Drury Lane, the rulers of the theatre

should have considered whether the play was the thing, and remembered that Berlin and London are as far apart as the Poles.

Mr. Edward Percy, the author of "If Four Walls Told," that happy, Sunday-born play, has tasted the bitter cup. After five days, his second effort, "Trespases," has been withdrawn from the Ambassadors' Theatre, and thus rendered vain the efforts of the author and of capable players, headed by Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Ethel Griffiths, who, as a Victorian dame of grand manners and rigid principles, rose to fame. It often occurs that an uncommonly successful firstling is followed by a failure. Many authors have experienced such an unexpected reverse. Of the theatre, with its fitful ways, it may be said that it is not always the *premier pas* that matters, but the next. And, in the case of Mr. Percy, the defeat was doubly cruel, for "Trespases" was by no means a bad play. It was too long; it was in its development somewhat theatrical; but it had great qualities of dialogue, and—no small merit—it gave a fairly true



"HEADS OR TAILS! HEADS IT IS! THEY'LL BE WORRIED IN LONDON": HIRAM DRAPER, SENIOR (MR. E. H. ROBINS) TOSSEING UP WITH LORD WORTHING (MR. FRED KERR) IN "SO THIS IS LONDON," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

From left to right the characters are Hiram Draper junior (Mr. Raymond Hackett), Lady Amy Duckworth (Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas), Lady Worthing (Miss Gertrude Sterroll), Lord Worthing (Mr. Fred Kerr), Hiram Draper senior (Mr. Edward H. Robins), Mrs. Draper (Miss Eleanor Woodruff), the Hon. Elinor Worthing (Miss Dorothy Tetley), and Alfred Honeycutt (Mr. A. S. Homewood).—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Collins' production. It was as impressive as in the land of origin. Yet there the play was a success, and here it was doomed from the first.

Why? One of the causes we have indicated. Except in the case of Mr. Gerald Lawrence, whose Mephistophelian figure was both tense and ominous, the acting was flat. It lacked inspiration. The chief error, however, was one of selection. To the Germans—perhaps to other foreign people with whom the history of opera is a study of interest—the career of Kreisler (for that was the original title) meant something. There was a historical foundation for the play. But who and what is Angelo to us? He has no *raison d'être*; we do not care about his personality or his tribulations. Opera is but a passing event in our world, not a national institution whose every movement agitates public opinion. Our musical life is only just awakening, and it is not unfair to say that even the triumph of our greatest composers would not stir our public, let alone create such cabals and upheavals as in olden days became pages of history in Teutonic lands.



MISS GLADYS COOPER IN A BERNHARDT RÔLE: IN THE NAME-PART OF "MAGDA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, WITH MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS HER TYRANNICAL FATHER.

Miss Gladys Cooper has given further proof of her powers by essaying the title-rôle of "Magda," a play famous for the rival interpretations of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse. Mr. Franklin Dyall is the Leopold Schwarz, Magda's tyrannical father, who lays violent hands on her when she makes a confession to him.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

ON THEIR HONEYMOON: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



AT POLESDEN LACY: THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.



ON A RUSTIC SEAT AT POLESDEN LACY.



ON THE PRIVATE LINKS: THE DUKE PUTTING.



ON THE PRIVATE LINKS: THE DUCHESS PUTTING.



A STROLL IN A WOODY GLADE.



AT THEIR HONEYMOON HOME: ON THE STEPS OF THE TERRACE.

The peaceful seclusion of Polesden Lacy, where they went to spend the first part of their honeymoon, must have been very delightful to the Duke and Duchess of York after the stressful ordeal of their wedding day amid the acclaiming multitudes of London. No greater contrast could well be imagined, and it is evident from these photographs that the Duke and his bride thoroughly enjoyed the change. The house and grounds of Polesden Lacy, lent to them by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, were illustrated in our Royal Wedding Number of April 28.

As there mentioned, the golf course was laid out by a former owner, the late Sir Clifton Dawkins, who sold the estate to the late Captain Ronald H. Fulke Greville in 1906. The history of the place goes back to the time of King John, when the manor belonged to the Priory of Merton. In 1804 it was bought by Sheridan, the dramatist, who held it until his death, in 1816. The Duke and Duchess of York, it was stated, arranged to go for the later part of their honeymoon to Glamis Castle, the Scottish seat of the Duchess's father, the Earl of Strathmore.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

READERS in search of a really thrilling book will find thrills and to spare in Miss Cecile Tormay's latest work, "AN OUTLAW'S DIARY" (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.), a chapter of recent European history written in a manner quite unlike that of any record of fact I have ever seen. It is fact of the starkest and grimmest kind, set down without any attempt to dress it up; but the effect is that of brilliant fiction.

It is not that Miss Tormay writes history after the style of those historians whose works have been called, with doubtful compliment, novels. If the novelist is to write serious history he must, as a rule, turn his back deliberately on the technique of fiction. This is precisely what Miss Tormay has been unable to do, for the novelist in her will not be denied; but her work has not suffered in consequence. Rather has it gained in curious and unusual quality, and very likely no other method would have succeeded half so well. The success is all the greater that in writing this transcript from life the author can have had no conscious intention of making her book look like a novel. But the natural power and craftsmanship that gave life to her stories, "The Old House" and "Stonecrop," have lent the charm of imaginative writing to her account of the last Hungarian Revolution.

The method is that of the Middle European and even of the Russian novel: short, clipped sentences, vivid and minute impressions of things apparently trifling in comparison with the magnitude of the main theme, but still essential. And with it all, a poet's vision and profound emotion. This book has been wrung from the tortured heart of a Hungarian patriot, an aristocrat, who saw all that was best in her country overwhelmed by the uprush of the proletariat during the autumn of 1918 and the spring of the following year. People in this country have only the very vaguest idea of that confused period, with its terrors and miseries. Miss Tormay's book brings the mad phantasmagoria home with the visual intensity of a cinematograph film, but with a literary charm beyond the range of screen "cards."

Miss Tormay has a curious persuasive power of making the British reader forget that in the late war Hungary was the technical enemy of the Allies.

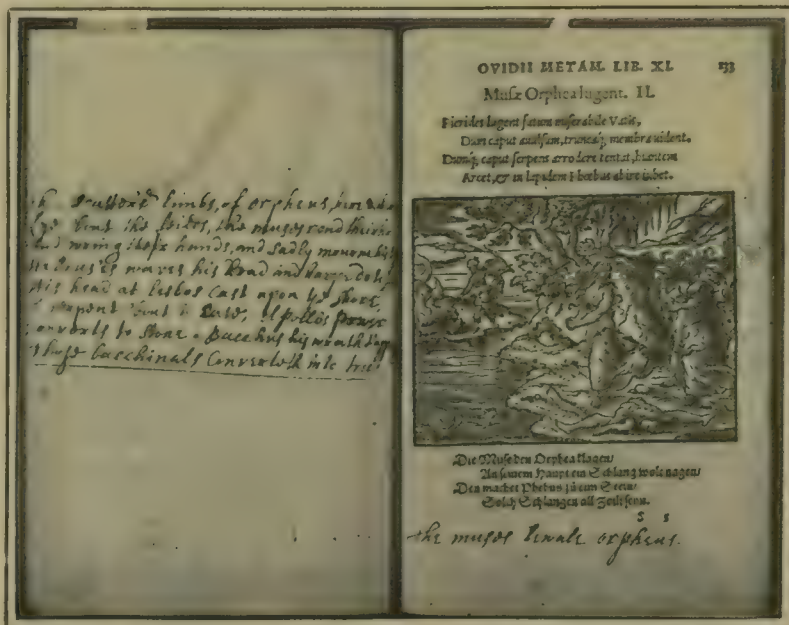


A GREAT ENGLISH POET ASSOCIATED WITH ITALY: BYRON—A MINIATURE PAINTED AT GENOA IN 1823. An inscription on the back reads: "This miniature of Lord Byron was painted at Genoa, 1823, by Isola, and left by his Lordship at his departure for Greece (soon after) with me."—Chas. S. Barry, Genoa, December 24, 1823." It is now in the possession of Señor Conde de Gabarda, at Zaragoza, Spain.

By Permission of Señor Conde de Gabarda.

She lives still in the tradition of 1848, when all the sympathies of this country were with Louis Kossuth in his struggle for Hungarian freedom. Her tragedy is the further postponement of Kossuth's dream by the inrush of aliens and the temporary victory of alien propaganda. And the calamity is embittered, for a royalist, by the spectacle of a Hungarian aristocrat, Count Michael Károlyi, at the head of a Republican Government.

Károlyi's betrayal of his own order is, to Miss Tormay, the unpardonable sin. Not unnaturally she makes no allowance for his possibly sincere conviction that his action, however disastrous, was the only way to save his country, and her pen portraits of the Revolutionary Prime Minister are merciless. One of the greatest landowners in Hungary, Károlyi, after a sickly and spendthrift youth, fell a victim to the flatteries of cringing parasites—



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY MILTON: ONE OF 165 STANZAS ASCRIBED TO HIM IN A COPY OF OVID'S "METAMORPHOSES."

A book of woodcuts illustrating Ovid's "Metamorphoses," printed in Frankfurt in 1563, and now owned by Professor Hugh Candy, contains 165 stanzas in English verse, one on the back of each woodcut and descriptive of it. Professor Candy ascribes the verses to Milton in his youth, from the similarity of the script to his known handwriting, and certain points of style. If he is right, we have over 1000 new lines of Milton. The above is stanza 133, on the fate of Orpheus, alluded to in Milton's "Lycidas."

His megalomania at last became pathological. Without possessing the necessary aptitude, he now conceived the idea of making up for what he had neglected in his idle youth. He began to read. And when husbandry, political economy, sociology were accumulated in an indigestible hotch-potch in his brain, he aspired to become a leader of men.

"An Outlaw's Diary" records how Károlyi's leadership plunged Hungary into destitution, squalor and pestilence: and finally opened the door to Bela Kun and Bolshevism. Here is Miss Tormay's sketch of that worthy—

His real name was Berele Kohn, the son of a Galician Jew, who came over the frontier with a pack on his back. He himself had risen to be a journalist of the Socialist party in Kolozsvár, from which job he went to the Workmen's Benevolent Society. There he stole. The war saved him from prosecution. He was called up and sent to the Russian front, where he soon managed to surrender. Through his international racial connections he got to Moscow, where he fell in with Trotsky, and from then onward carried on his propaganda among prisoners. He became the leader in Russia of the Jewish Communists from Hungary, edited a Hungarian paper called "The Social Revolution," and finally joined a Bolshevik directorate in one of the smaller towns and played his part in the atrocities committed there.

Before Bela Kun came into prominence, Miss Tormay had chanced to see him addressing some wounded soldiers from the top of a garbage-box. She has drawn him with the uncompromising touch of a Dostoevsky vignette—

He had a common fat face, and his eyes blinked while he preached against the existing order. His blubbery mouth opened and closed as if he were chewing the cud. He shouted in a hoarse, lifeless voice. He grew warm, and as he spoke he removed his hat frequently and wiped the perspiration off his baldish head with the palm of his dirty hand. I had wondered at the ugly foreign people who were listened to nowadays by our folk. People who can't speak Hungarian set one Hungarian against another.

Hence these tears. But Miss Tormay, for all her sufferings, is not the woman to sit down and weep. Her story is of a heroic effort to rally the old national spirit. Amid horror and ruin, and at the peril of her life, she, like Dr. Manette during the September Massacres, "walked with a steady head." She and her friends appealed to the women, not in vain. The present volume of the diary, written secretly "in fragments, hidden between the pages of books, under the eaves of strange houses, up chimneys, in the recesses of cellars, behind furniture, buried in the ground," takes the story of the Terror only as far as March 21, 1919, when the Dictatorship of the Proletariat was proclaimed. The second part, describing the Commune, and Miss Tormay's escape

from her persecutors, will be published shortly, and will be welcomed eagerly by all who have been spell-bound by the remarkable first volume.

Perhaps I have done Miss Tormay an injustice in quoting only passages so fiercely coloured by partisan feeling. I chose them because they explain so much, both *pro* and *con*. But it must not be thought that the general tenour of the book is harsh and vituperative. On the contrary, it is most humane and gracious, and the domestic interiors, with their glimpses of a cultivated society striving to preserve its old sweet, ordered life even amid chaos, are drawn with the most delicate art. They heighten, perhaps purposely, our sense of the value of ordered civilisation. One hopes that Miss Tormay will write yet a third volume dealing with Hungary in convalescence.

In the days before revolutions became a European habit, they served very usefully as a romantic background for fiction, where a reputation for dark conspiracy heightened the interest of heroines, more or less fascinating and usually Russian. Something of that old atmosphere has been recalled by Miss Beatrice Harraden in her new novel, "PATUFFA" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). Although the heroine is quite innocent of political designs, her godmother, Madame Tcharushin, is the real thing in anti-Tsaristic plotters, one of those brilliant intellectual Russians, domiciled in Soho, without whom artistic and musical society in London, as fabled in novels, was not complete. They had also their counterpart in real life, and older people will find Miss Harraden's story a rather quaint and not unwelcome throw-back to an interesting period. Madame Tcharushin's plotting is, however, only a minor decoration of a lively character. The book is a study of several artistic temperaments, drawn with Miss Harraden's understanding and sure touch.

As a rule, a sequel takes us a little further forward with the hero's life. But Mr. Stephen Hudson reverses the process. Some three years ago he attracted a great deal of favourable notice with "Richard Kurt." He followed "Richard Kurt" with "Elinor Colhouse," an earlier episode, the story of Richard's marriage with a strange woman; and now, going still further back, he gives us "PRINCE



BYRON'S ITALIAN FRIEND, COUNTESS TERESA GUICCIOLI: PROBABLY THE MINIATURE WHICH HE POSSESSED.

In the "Life, Letters and Journals of Lord Byron" (John Murray), Byron says of Countess Teresa Guiccioli: "I have no picture of her except a miniature." Byron relics were illustrated in our issue of July 29 last. The centenary of his death will occur on April 19, 1924.

By Courtesy of Señor Manuel M. Barroso, LL.D.

"HEMPSEED" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), where Richard explains himself from his perambulator, and carries his autobiography on until he leaves school. Those who know the two anterior-posterior novels will be much enlightened, and will enjoy the new book, but I cannot imagine how anyone who begins the trilogy with it can see his way. It is worth while, however, to read the three in the order of publication. Then the odd widdershins device becomes intelligible.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, C.N., F. BIONDO (ANTIBES), AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



BEFORE HER HUSBAND'S HILL-TOP GRAVE: THE WIDOWED COUNTESS OF CARNARVON KEEPING VIGIL ON BEACON HILL AFTER THE FUNERAL.



THE RETURN OF THE "WANDERERS" WITH THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP: BOLTON GIVES A GREAT WELCOME TO ITS VICTORIOUS TEAM.



THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" REFITTED FOR RACING: SHIPPING THE MAIN-MAST BY CRANE AT COWES.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S WEDDING DAY TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: HER BOUQUET ON THE GRAVE.



REVERSED IN POSITION FROM THE SCULPTOR'S PLAN: THE OLDHAM WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS YOLANDA AND COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO (CENTRE).



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL WEDDING: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK LEAVING AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE AT GREAT BOOKHAM CHURCH DURING THEIR HONEYMOON.

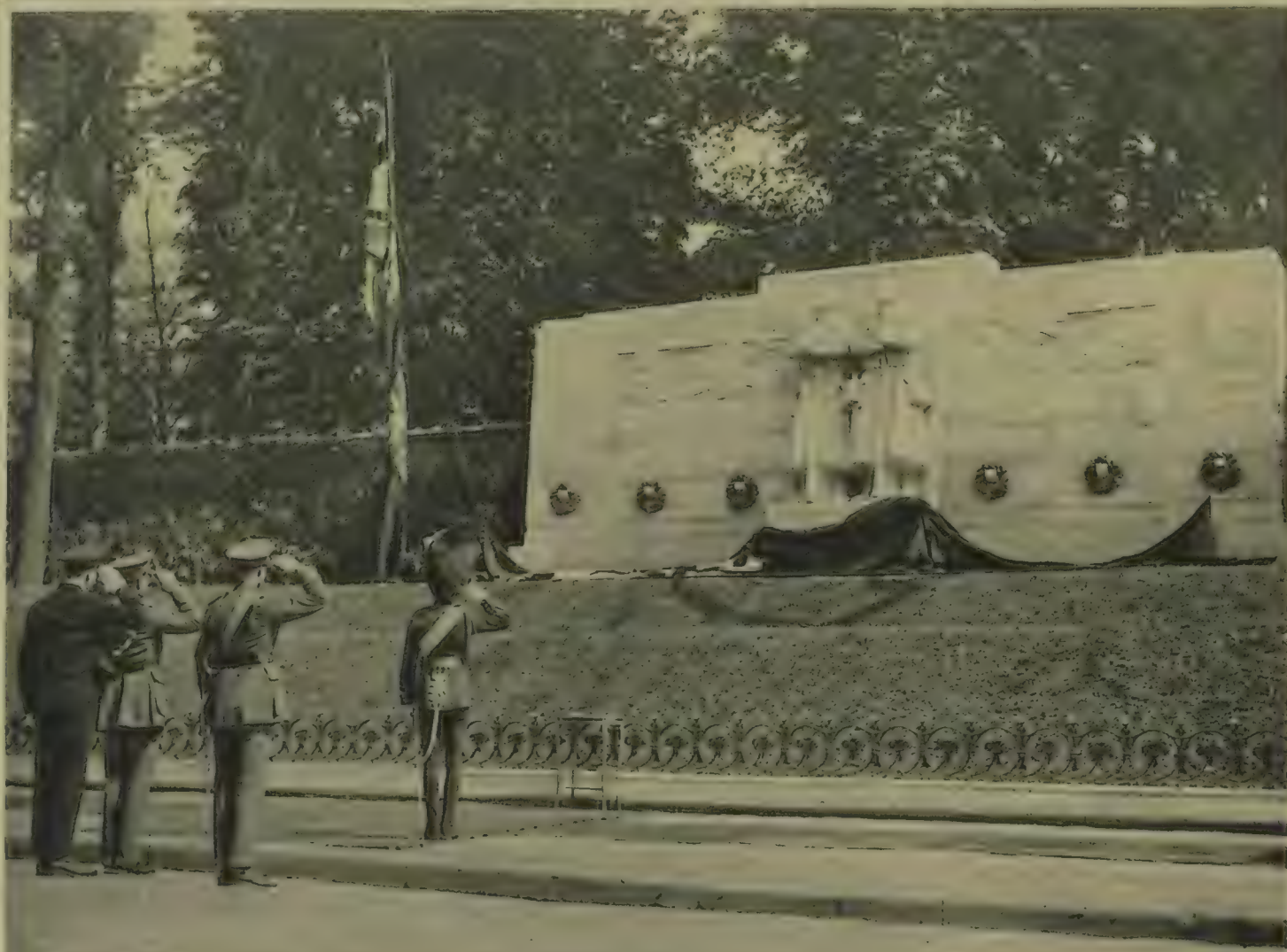
Lord Carnarvon was buried on April 30, in accordance with his wish, on the top of Beacon Hill, near his home at Highclere. A photograph on another page shows him standing near the spot. A hallowing service had been held there on the day before the funeral. After it the widowed Lady Carnarvon remained by the graveside until the evening.—The Bolton Wanderers football team, who beat West Ham United in the Cup Final at Wembley (illustrated elsewhere in this number), received an ovation on their return to Bolton. On April 30 they were entertained by Sir William Edge, M.P. for Bolton, on the Terrace of the House of Commons.—The King's racing cutter "Britannia", took the water again on April 30 at Cowes, where she has been refitted. Last year she was not entered

for racing, and her return to the regattas this year will give a great fillip to yachting events.—The Duchess of York, on arriving at Westminster Abbey for her wedding, had the happy inspiration to place her bridal bouquet of roses and heather on the Unknown Warrior's grave. On Sunday, April 29, she and the Duke attended morning service at Great Bookham, near Polesden Lacy, their honeymoon retreat.—The Oldham War Memorial was unveiled by General Sir Ian Hamilton. The municipal authorities had had it turned round from the position originally arranged by the sculptor, Mr. Albert Toft, who also executed the memorial at Holborn Bars.—Our photograph of Princess Yolanda and her husband was taken at the Concours Hippique Internationale Militaire, at Nice.

"BRITISH GRATITUDE TO BELGIUM": THE PRINCE IN BRUSSELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.

"OFFERED BY THE BRITISH NATION AS A SYMBOL OF . . . GRATITUDE": THE BRITISH WAR MEMORIAL IN BRUSSELS UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, SEEN (ON THE RIGHT) SALUTING IT WITH KING ALBERT AND HIS SONS.



THE PRINCE'S TRIBUTE TO THE BELGIAN UNKNOWN WARRIOR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYING A WREATH OF WHITE LILIES AND RED ROSES ON THE TOMB AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT COLUMN IN THE PLACE DU CONGRÈS AT BRUSSELS.

On April 28 the Prince of Wales unveiled in Brussels the British monument "offered [as he expressed it] by the British nation as a symbol of its deep and unchanging gratitude towards all those who succoured our prisoners of war and our soldiers in distress." King Albert, in his reply, said: "It will show that free men were greater yet because they fought side by side for the triumph of justice." The monument, designed by Mr. C. S. Jagger, the sculptor, shows a British and a Belgian soldier standing together, and on either side inscriptions in

French and Flemish. Behind the Prince in the upper photograph are seen (from left to right) Prince Charles (King Albert's younger son), King Albert, and his elder son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant. In the afternoon the Prince of Wales laid a wreath of white lilies and red roses on the tomb of the Belgian Unknown Warrior, between the great lions at the foot of the high column in the Place du Congrès. The Prince had meanwhile exchanged his full-dress uniform of the Welsh Guards for khaki.

THE MOST ARRESTING PICTURE OF THE PARIS SALON: THE PRINCE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER, SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHOSE COPYRIGHT IT IS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A POLO PLAYER: A FINE PORTRAIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER—A PAINTING MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

The outstanding picture of this year's Paris Salon, in the way of portraiture, at any rate, is the one which we reproduce above, a splendid portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in polo costume, painted specially for this paper by the well-known artist, Mr. John St. Helier Lander. It will form an interesting souvenir of the Prince, whose exploits in all forms of horsemanship—hunting,

steeplechasing, polo, and so on—have won him the admiration of sportsmen in all parts of the world. It was announced that "Varnishing Day" at the Salon would be on Saturday, April 28. The Prince, it may be noted, arranged to attend the Royal Academy Dinner in London on May 5, after his return from the Continent.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FEATHERED ÆSTHETES IN COURTSHIP: THE BOWER-BIRDS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in the Bower-birds, for they carry courtship ritual to great lengths, and they show convincing signs of æsthetic sense. It is difficult to believe that a chaffinch does not enjoy making its beautiful nest, but a good deal of the beauty is useful; among the bower-birds, however, the beauty is enjoyed for its own sake and for the excitement of love with which it has come to be associated. The courtship bowers have nothing to do with nests; they are often made long before actual mating; and they are decorated with artistic deliberation.

Bower-birds are closely related to birds of paradise, and not very distantly to crows; they often show handsome plumage; they are forcible rather than melodious in their "song"; there are many different kinds; and they are confined to Australia and New Guinea.

To take a relatively simple case first, the Saw-Billed Bower-bird (*Scenopoietes*) clears a circular space around a tree, removing all the twigs and leaves. Around the circumference it sticks in tendrils of a climbing palm, bending them inwards. Then it seeks for leaves that are silvery on the lower side, and arranges them regularly on the cleared ground with the bright surface up. Then the bird perches on the tree overhead, but every now and then it jumps down to replace a leaf that has been blown away, or to turn up the silvery surface of one that has been blown upside down. In this case one promenade or display ring is made by the male, and another by the female, a month or more before they come together as mates. The female sits awaiting a caller, and there may be two females on adjacent trees. The male, on his part, invites a call, for he gives utterance to an extraordinary song, consisting mainly of snatches borrowed from other birds, and even from insects such as grasshoppers and cicadas.

The Satin Bower-Bird.

The arrangements made by the Satin Bower-bird (*Ptilonorhynchus*) are more elaborate. The bird is about the size of a magpie, the male glossy-purplish-black, the female chiefly greyish-green, and the two seem to make the bower between them. They are betrothed, so to speak, but not mated. There is, in the first place, a sort of platform of twigs raised a few inches off the ground in a clearing. On this there is built an archway of twigs, sometimes open, sometimes closed, at the top. This arch, or arbour, may be several yards long, but it is just high enough to let the birds run about freely. It is often festooned with creepers. But there is something more, for in front of the entrance there is a "beauty-feast"—namely, a miscellaneous collection of snailshells, blanch bones, bright feathers, and so forth, which are gathered from the country round about. An interesting point is that the birds, who are not in any hurry, spend a good deal of time in trying various arrangements of their spoils. The male chases his desired mate in and out of the arbour; he struts and bows, and displays his fine feathers; and both birds seem to enjoy their love-making.

A recent observer describes the bower as like an arch turned upside down, open at the top, standing in a little glade, with ferns and shrubs forming a natural fence. There were bleached bones, some land shells, several blue feathers from parrots, bits of blue glass, and about a score of flowers, chiefly violets. "To gather the blossoms, the bower-birds must have visited a settler's garden, two or three miles from the scrub."

The Collared Bower-Bird.

In a clearing, sometimes under a beautiful bush of red bougainvillea, the Collared Bower-bird (*Chlamydocherys nuchalis*) makes a long arbour raised on a low platform. They are soberly coloured, grey-brown birds, except that they have an iridescent red-violet collar,

usually more brilliant in the male. But what they lack in colour themselves they make up for by what they gather. In front of the arbour the ground is strewn with brightly-coloured flowers, red berries of the blue gum, whitened skulls of small mammals, bright



ENDOWED WITH "THE BEGINNINGS OF THE HUMAN ÆSTHETIC SENSE LINKED WITH THE DESIRE TO MATE": A BOWER-BIRD ARRANGING HIS COLLECTION OF SHELLS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARBOUR HE HAS BUILT.

feathers from other birds, shining pods and shells. If they are near some deserted gold-digging settlement, they may add to their display broken pieces of glass, and even empty tins. They are evidently attracted by what is brilliant. We read that a museum specimen of the bower included more than half a peck of decorations. "They consisted principally of a large white univalve; the shell of a large land-snail, of which there were in all about four hundred; shining



THE BOWER-BIRD'S ÆSTHETIC TASTE EXPRESSED IN THE RITUAL OF COURTSHIP: A "BEAUTY FEAST" OF SHELLS ARRANGED AT EACH END OF HIS PRE-NUPTIAL ARBOUR—A TUNNEL LIKE AN INVERTED ARCH.

These and other photographs illustrating the Bower-bird's wonderful sense of beauty, expressed in his pre-nuptial bower-building prior to mating and nesting, appeared, with a description of the bird's proceedings, in our issue of July 12, 1913. [Photographs by H. François.]

stones, principally flints and agates; bright-coloured seed-vessels and pods; bleached bones of small quadrupeds, and other objects of interest." The male bird struts about in the show, as if he got some reflected glory from his collection, and he becomes more and more excited and ecstatic. At last he seizes some particularly fine object in his beak—a feather, a leaf, or a flower—and waving it aloft rushes at his play-fellow with quivering wings and chases her through the bower. The serious note will soon be struck, and they will go off together to build a nest on a tree.

The Finest Bower.

The largest bower is made by Newton's Bower-bird (*Prionodura*), which arranges an arbour of sticks between two trees, and roofs in the space with creepers, embellished with white moss, ferns, and green fruit. It may be ten feet high and eight broad. The main bower has annexes of dwarf hut-like structures, the significance of which is obscure. But the finest bowers are those of the Gardener Bower-birds (*Amblyornis*), which differ widely in different species. We owe to Dr. Beccari a good account of love's labour in the New Guinea Gardener (*Amblyornis inornata*), a plain ruddy bird about the size of a thrush. This bower-bird chooses a spot centred in a small shrub towards a yard high. Around the base of this it builds up a cone of interwoven mosses, perhaps strengthening the central pillar. With one end on the top of the pillar and the other end on the ground, there are sloping straw-like stems like the upright branches of an orchid, the result being a conical cabin, about a yard in basal diameter. The slender radiating rafters retain their leaves for a long time without dying. So much the better for the bower. But more delicate twigs are used to bind one slender rafter to another, so that a well-made roof is eventually formed. It will be understood that there is space, actually horseshoe-shaped, between the base of the central pilaster and the insertion of the lower ends of the rafters in the ground.

But this is not all. Directly in front of the entrance to the cabin there is "a miniature meadow of soft moss, transported thither, kept smooth and clean, and free from grass, weeds, stones, and other objects not in harmony with its design. Upon this graceful green carpet are scattered flowers and fruit of different colours, in such a manner that they really present the appearance of an elegant little garden." As is usual, everything that withers and shrivels is removed and replaced. The garden is often larger than the cabin, and its meaning is the same. It expresses a pleasure in pretty things, and that pleasure has been linked on to the courting excitement. The nest is, as usual, a simple affair, built on a tree.

The Meaning of It All!

What does it all mean? One must be careful not to give too easy-going an answer to this question. One must remember that it is all non-utilitarian, unless it be allowed that it is useful to excite love between would-be mates. The birds have a keen appreciation of brightness, for there is a continual freshening of the decorations. The use of the courtship bowers continues for several weeks: it is not honeymooning; it is pre-nuptial.

Two conclusions seem to us to be clear. The pleasure in bright things which is illustrated in jackdaws and some other members of the crow family is seen in *excelsis* in the bower-birds. They have the beginnings of the human æsthetic sense. This has become linked to the desire to mate. The expression of the delight in the beautiful serves as an aphrodisiac. "It excites, yet it also expresses 'love'; we must use the word in inverted commas. It is noteworthy that the male bower-birds are very rarely gorgeous like most male birds of Paradise, and that they are far from melodious. It is significant that the emerald "cat-birds" of the bower-bird family do not make a bower, the exception perhaps proving the rule. The bower-birds have discovered an external mode of appeal in their "beauty-feasts," which illustrate a kind of art—expressive of love. Yet the true inwardness of the matter is deeper still: the æsthetic co-operation in preparing and enjoying the bowers and their decorations means a welding of emotional bonds which hold after married life begins and its responsibilities grow.

AN UPHOLDER OF THE CAVELL TRADITION: A HEROIC BRITISH NURSE.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 SUPPLIED BY F. F. SMITH (OXFORD); NOS. 2 AND 3 BY COURTESY OF MRS. STARR'S MOTHER, MRS. A. E. WADE.

WHEN the King approved the award of the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal to Mrs. V. H. Starr, the Secretary for India said, in a message to the Viceroy: "The King and Queen have learned with great interest and admiration of the service rendered by Mrs. Starr in the rescue of Miss Ellis from the hands of her mother's murderers. Their Majesties share the feeling of horror to which the brutal crime at Kohat gave rise, and are greatly relieved to know that Mrs. Starr's heroic endeavour has been crowned with success. The fearless devotion with which she has carried through her quest will long be an encouragement and an inspiration." Mrs. Starr's mother, Mrs. Annie E. Wade, of Swanage, has kindly supplied us with the following account of her daughter's career: "Mrs. Starr was born in India, where her father, the Rev. T. R. Wade, was working for many years with the C.M.S. in the Punjab. She was educated and took full nursing training in England, and joined the staff of the C.M.S. hospital at Peshawar in 1913, as nursing sister. In 1915 she married Dr. V. Harold Starr, who succeeded Dr. A. Lankester in charge of the above hospital. The hospital stands in a commanding but exposed position, facing the Khyber Pass, with the wild mountains

of Afghanistan beyond. Dr. Starr's work greatly increased, but two years later he was assassinated at night—stabbed to death by fanatics in his own house—in exactly similar circumstances to those in which Mrs. Ellis fell a victim a few days ago. Mrs. Starr bravely returned to her place in the same hospital in 1920, after acting for a period as Military Sister for Indian troops in Egypt. Her intimate knowledge of Afghan and Afridi character and customs, and of the Pushtu language, fitted her to volunteer for the venture of going to Miss Ellis's rescue, which she has now, thank God, successfully accomplished." The expedition was one of very great danger.



1. RESCUER OF MISS MOLLIE ELLIS, ABDUCTED FROM KOHAT: MRS. V. H. STARR.



2. AWARDED THE KAISAR-I-HIND GOLD MEDAL BY THE KING FOR HER HEROISM IN THE RESCUE OF MISS MOLLIE ELLIS: MRS. V. H. STARR, THE MISSIONARY NURSE.



3. AT HER POST AGAIN, AFTER THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND IN A FRONTIER OUTRAGE SIMILAR TO THAT PERPETRATED ON MRS. ELLIS AT KOHAT: MRS. V. H. STARR (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) WITH A GROUP OF PATIENTS AT THE C.M.S. HOSPITAL AT PESHAWAR.

Mrs. V. H. Starr, the well-known nursing sister at the Church Missionary Society's Hospital at Peshawar, showed courage worthy of Edith Cavell in going to the rescue of Miss Mollie Ellis, who was recently abducted by fanatical tribesmen from her father's bungalow at Kohat, after witnessing the murder of her mother. Portraits of Miss Ellis appeared in our issue of April 21. Mrs. Starr, whose perilous mission was happily successful, has been awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal for her heroic action. She has herself told the story of the great adventure, and how she came to undertake it at the request of Sir John Maffey, Chief Commissioner of the

North-West Frontier Province. "He said it was a difficult thing to bring himself to ask this venture of me. I told him immediately that I would simply change my shoes for heavy boots, conceal a pistol in my bodice, load my horse with food and water, and be ready to start in half an hour. . . . I know the Afridis, and I know their ways, and I was not afraid." So Mrs. Starr went out across the frontier into the hills among the wild tribesmen, accompanied by some trusty natives. More than once she was in imminent danger before her task was accomplished, and she returned bringing Miss Ellis to safety.

CHARACTERS IN NATURE'S "INSECT PLAY": SPIDERS; A TREE-CRICKET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.



1. MOUNTED ON ITS TWO MONTHS' DAY CATCHES, A PILE OF 98 INSECTS: A PLATFORM-BUILDING SPIDER (*AGALENA NAVIA*) A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF SPIDER STRATEGY.



2. WITH AN EGG-SHAPED BODY, AND A CLUSTER OF HER OWN EGGS LIKE A BUNCH OF GRAPES: A FEMALE EPEIRID SPIDER.



3. REPRESENTED IN "THE INSECT PLAY" AT THE REGENT THEATRE: A SNOWY TREE-CRICKET "SINGING" BY RASPING ITS WINGS TOGETHER.



4. SHOWING HER SIX EYES AND FEROCIOUS EXPRESSION: "AN OLD LADY SPIDER"—THE FACE OF A "SMALL, COMMON AND HARMLESS SPECIES."

In view of the production of "The Insect Play," by Karel Capek and his brother Josef, at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross, on May 5, there is a special interest just now in these remarkable photographs by Mr. P. G. Howes, a well-known American naturalist, illustrating the drama of the real insect world. Of his Photograph No. 1, Mr. Howes says: "The web of this spider, a platform-builder, was carefully watched for two months. During that time, 98 insects were taken from the web, after the spider had captured them. These were kept, dried, and later ground up, making in all the pile on which the spider rests in the photo-

graph. It was allowed to eat what it caught by night." In "The Insect Play," crickets appear as types of happiness. Of Photograph No. 3 Mr. Howes writes: "The tree-cricket is the symbol of sultry August evenings, when its incessant flute-like call continues until morning. It is directly affected by the temperature. So completely is its song controlled by heat or cold that it is possible to calculate the temperature by the number of calls per minute! The song is produced by rasping the wings together as shown in the picture." Of No. 4 we read: "This is not a huge spider of the tropics, but simply the fearful face of a small, common [Continued opposite.]

REAL INSECT TRAGEDIES: "NATURE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.



5. A DRAGON OF THE INSECT WORLD AND ITS PREY: A ROVE BEETLE (ONE OF THE STAPHYLINIDÆ) DEVOURING A FLY—STARTING WITH THE HEAD AND LEAVING ONLY THE WINGS.



6. A FRIEND OF MAN AS THE DEADLY FOE OF DISEASE-BEARING FLIES AND MOSQUITOES: A DRAGON FLY DEVOURING A HOUSE FLY—ONE OF TWENTY CONSUMED IN TWO HOURS.

Continued. and harmless species. This gives us some idea of how the fly feels when caught in the spider's web! Note the numerous eyes possessed by the creature." Photograph No. 5 is described as "The dragon of the insect world: a species of *Staphylinidæ* or rove-beetles attacking a fly. Rove-beetles are . . . commonly found under decaying animal and vegetable matter. In these particular cases the insects were predaceous, lying in wait for flies attracted to the feast, and then pouncing on and devouring them in a most ferocious manner. Starting at the head they crush it thoroughly before eating, and finally progress through the

fly's body, leaving only the wings." Photograph No. 6 shows "A dragon fly devouring a house fly. The good that is done by dragon flies (as by rove-beetles) through their insatiable appetite for flies, mosquitoes and other insects, is very great. . . . Many live about houses and stables, feeding upon the hated house fly, while the species occurring in tropical countries, notably in Hawaii, the Samoan Islands, and South America, do much to hold the disease-carrying mosquitoes in check. . . . The one shown in the photograph consumed twenty house flies in a few hours while confined in a glass cage."

FROM "COUNTRY SEAT" TO "SEAT OF LEARNING":

A HISTORIC MANOR BECOMES A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE REV. J. S.

MACNUTT, M.A., HEADMASTER OF CANFORD SCHOOL.



IN ITSELF AN EDUCATION IN TASTE: THE GREAT STAIRCASE AT CANFORD SCHOOL, OF RICH AND EXQUISITE CARVING.



INDICATIVE OF THE MODERN ADVANCE OF TENNIS AS A PUBLIC SCHOOL GAME: THE COVERED COURT AT CANFORD, AN UP-TO-DATE FEATURE ON THE RECREATION SIDE.



CONTAINING A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS PRESENTED BY THE DOWAGER LADY WIMBORNE, AND A BILLIARD TABLE: THE MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY AT CANFORD SCHOOL.



AN INSPIRATION IN THE BEAUTY OF INTERIOR DECORATION: A VIEW INTO THE GRAND HALL FROM THE VESTIBULE.



FORMERLY AN ANCIENT MANOR WITH ITS ROOTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY, DATING BACK TO THE DAYS OF RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION: THE STATELY BUILDINGS OF CANFORD SCHOOL, ERECTED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV. SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



ASSOCIATED WITH "OLD JOHN OF GAUNT, TIME-HONOURED LANCASTER," TO WHOM THE MANOR OF CANFORD PASSED FROM THE MONTACUTE EARLS OF SALISBURY: THE JOHN O' GAUNT BUILDING AT CANFORD SCHOOL.

There are some of "the stately homes of England" whose future presents a difficult problem. To what better use could they be put than that of education? Thereby they will be reverently preserved, and their architecture, decoration, and surroundings will afford valuable means of inculcating æsthetic taste. Thus Canford Manor, near Wimborne, in Dorset, like another historic house, Stowe, has been converted into a new Public School, which it was arranged to open early this month. Canford begins its career under happy auspices, with buildings that may compare in beauty and historic interest with those of many an ancient scholastic foundation. "The history of Canford," we read in the school prospectus, "reaches back into dim recesses of the past. The old Manor passed through the hands of the Montacute Earls of Salisbury, the Earls of Lancaster, and John o' Gaunt. It was the seat of the romantic story of Ela, the sole heiress

of Walter d'Eureux. Ela . . . was presented at the Court of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. . . . The present house was built by Blore during the reign of George IV. for Lord de Mauley, and in 1837 Sir Charles Barry added a new wing." Historic interest, however, is not everything in a modern school, and parents will be more impressed, perhaps, with the excellence of all the arrangements both for work and play—teaching and character-training, health and sanitation. A perusal of the prospectus shows that everything has been organised on sound and up-to-date lines. Among the Governors are the Dowager Lady Wimborne, Lord Gisborough, Sir Charles King-Harman, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe. The Headmaster is the Rev. J. S. Macnutt, to whom communications should be addressed. Canford, as it will be called "for short," takes its place among the public schools with every prospect of a brilliant future.

THE TEMPLE DANCES OF BALI.

By TYRA DE KLEEN.

IT is only recently that people have begun to discover Bali; that is to say, begun to realise what Bali is from an artistic and ethnographical point of view. Without exaggeration, it might be called the



THE TOILET FOR THE DANCE: A BALINESE GIRL HAVING HER COIFFURE ARRANGED BEFORE A PERFORMANCE.

Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.

Island of Felicity, especially from an artist's standpoint, but very few artists hitherto have found their way there, and, fortunately for the few who have, Bali, owing to this very fact, has preserved to the present day most of its fascinating originality, and most of its artistic treasures are still unexplored. Every day spent there may bring fresh surprises of new and unexpected beauties. In Bali everything is a thing of beauty: its tropical scenery, its climate, without either suffocating heat or annoying mosquitoes, its picturesque volcanoes, its blue mountain lakes and grottoes, its wild virginal forests, its temples, its architecture and sculpture—but most of all, its human beings! The people of Bali are an inexhaustible source of interest for those who take pleasure in the study of human types and the human mind.

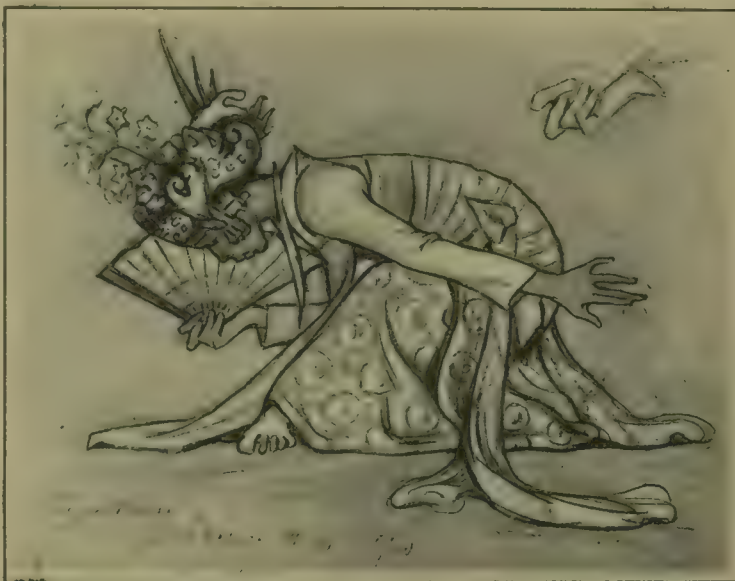
The people of Bali are tall, slender and graceful, with nobler, more refined, and more intelligent faces than their cousins in Java. They are also of a different race, being a blending of Hindu, Malay, and Polynesian. Their religion is Buddhism and Shivaism, which in Bali has developed peculiar forms, different from the original religions in British India.

They wear very little clothing: both women and men are naked to the waist, wearing a *sarong*—a drapery, varying in length, round the hips, generally of black cotton, but sometimes coloured. It is fastened round the waist with long silk scarves, and these are always of gaudy colours. They generally wear two, three, or more of these soft scarves in different tints, producing a colour-scheme which shows a sense for shades which any Parisian society lady might envy. The *sarong* and the turban—the latter often being of home-woven gold and silver brocade with colours—are mostly the only pieces of clothing that they wear. But on these two pieces they concentrate more careful attention and put in more coquetry than does any European or American dandy in the whole of his complicated wardrobe; especially the men, who among the Balinese represent the fairer as well as the vainer sex. These square pieces of cloth are artistically bound and draped with intentional irregularities, stiff ends pointing hither and thither, and long ends fluttering in the wind. In their turbans, which for both men and women serve to bind up their long black hair, they always wear fresh flowers, some of which hang down effectively over their bronze-coloured faces. To the dress of an elegant Balinese also belong, as a finishing touch, some long white native cigarettes planted in his turban and pointing in different directions. On the back the men wear, stuck through the scarves, a *kris*; that is, their native dagger, which among the high-caste men is generally of gold set with precious stones.

The *kris* is a mere decoration, for the Balinese are the most peaceful people in the world: a happy and sympathetic people, open, frank, kind, hospitable, and very sociable, continually laughing and joking, as though existence had no dark side. Bali has no criminals, no beggars, no poor; its people are wealthy—that is to say, they need little and they own more than they need. They have not much sense for the practical and business-like side of existence, but so much the more for its artistic side.

Art plays a great part in their life: one might say every Balinese is more or less of an artist. They show it in everything they do and in their surroundings, but most of all in their *mainan*. That word means both acting and dancing, actor, actress, and dancer, masculine and feminine. (The Balinese language is not complicated.) Acting and dancing are so intermingled that they cannot be distinguished from one another. The people of Bali do not talk and sing much in their *mainan*, but express so much the more with their movements and plastic poses, which are strongly and strangely *stylised*. Into this art of theirs they put their whole heart, and they love it passionately.

If you wish to make friends with the Balinese, the way leading straight to their hearts is first to show a sympathetic understanding for their *mainan*; and then to paint and sketch them and allow them to watch you doing so. Thus you exchange an interest in and appreciation of each other's art, and they will do anything for you. These people have never seen anything of painting, except their own very conventional art, which has stuck to its traditions, and remained the same through centuries; and yet they recognise and understand instantly everything they see on paper, even the quickest unfinished sketch. And they yell with delight when they see how a picture progresses. They will come wandering from far away and sit waiting for hours to have a look at a picture or a sketch they have heard about; and they find it



A BALINESE CURTSEY: A GIRL DANCER, WITH A FAN AND ELABORATE HEADRESS DECORATED WITH FLOWERS, MAKING A LOW OBEISANCE.

Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.

very amusing to pose as models. If you sketch one of them, all the onlookers (especially the men—the women are more shy) will have a competition in looking picturesque, each one hoping that your eye might fall on him the next time. They tie their turbans again and again in all sorts of shapes, and fetch new fresh flowers to stick into them; they try effectful plastic poses, asking each other's advice, and they criticise each other uncharitably, all the time joking, laughing, and amusing themselves splendidly. They are the vainest people imaginable; and the more decrepit the old men, the more gorgeous colours do they wear and the more numerous are the fresh flowers on their heads, in their belts, or hanging down as garlands from their *kris* handles.

The very soul of this people is expressed in their *mainan*. What are now merely dances were originally old plays with Hindu subjects, mostly from the *Mahabharata*. In many of these plays the speaking, singing, and acting parts have gradually vanished, and the dances alone remained.

For some time I stayed quite alone among the natives, in a part of Bali where nearly everybody, besides his ordinary profession, was also a *mainan* and performed in their great pageants. It was a place up in the mountains,

very difficult of access. One had to ride the most impossible roads on horse-back for many hours. Most of the people there had never in their lives seen a white person.

It was a native chief, a *Pungawa*, who had invited me to his district to study the dances there, for, besides being a kind-hearted and polite man, he was—even for a Balinese!—very vain, and the probability of being written about in illustrated papers and of having pictures drawn of him (some of which he was going to receive) made him all the more hospitable and amiable. He came to meet me with horses and lots of servants at the place where the carriage-road ended and the horse-path commenced. He had decorated himself with a large bunch of crimson orchids in his turban of gold brocade, and the horses with the same orchids fastened in about the same way on their heads. He was a bit troubled about the question as to what I should get to eat, because there could not be procured any food for white people. I assured him that I preferred Balinese food; but I must confess they sometimes gave me extraordinary dishes—for instance, rice with very large caterpillars or wasps, fried in coconut-oil, tasting like a strongly aromatic spice; at other times caterpillars of white flying ants fried in the same way. You have to emancipate yourself from prejudices in order to gain new experiences. I also had to learn to chew *sirih*—the "betel" of the British Indians—for without *sirih*-chewing there can be no sociable intercourse. But it was less amusing having to put up with the most elementary ideas about cleanliness.

In the high mountains the houses—or rather, cave-like huts—were not constructed of bamboo as in the flat country, as they would have been swept away by the violent rains, but of mud and clay; and their dark interiors were indescribably dirty. A "house" consists of a large complex of huts within a high mud wall, with prickly cactus planted on the top. Every room is a hut apart, and between these huts are lots of little in-built courtyards, terraces, staircases, etc. When I saw how it looked inside the hut where the *Pungawa* himself lived with his wife and child, not to speak about the other huts, I realised that they had given me the *palais de luxe* of the place.

The courtyard in front of my hut was always filled with people sitting crossed-legged, smiling happily, and patiently waiting. They had come from afar to have a look at the white *njonja* (lady), and, if possible, to hear some tales about far-off lands. And so, sitting on the little verandah belonging to my hut, I had to tell them about European people and cities and houses with fireplaces and chimneys-pots, and churches and life and customs, all the time illustrating the descriptions on pieces of paper, that wandered from hand to hand.

And my audience manifested their interest by yelling with delight, and were always eager to hear more.

[Continued on page 782.]



INDICATING THAT HE SEEKS A LOVE AFFAIR: A BALINESE MAN'S SYMBOLIC TURBAN, DECORATED WITH FLOWERS AND CIGARETTES.

"The different fashions of binding turbans and decorating them with fresh flowers form a sort of symbolical language, indicating happiness, mourning, enmity, and so on. When a man seeks a love affair he puts flowers and native cigarettes in his turban in the above style (called *Kurang-adjar*). The Balinese belles are then expected to make advances."—[Drawn by Tyra de Kleen.]

UNIQUE DRAWINGS OF BALI DANCES: FLOWER HEAD-DRESSES; DEMONS.

DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



1. WITH SLIM BODY, AND HEAD-DRESS OF FRESH FLOWERS: A DANCER MAKING RITUAL MOVEMENTS.



3. FROM THE DEVIL DANCE, "CHALON ARONG": A SHE-DEMON BRINGING TO LIFE A DEAD CHILD (A DOLL).



4. A FIVE-YEAR-OLD DANCER: THE LITTLE SON OF A BALI CHIEF.



2. PERFORMED WITH GREAT ACROBATIC SKILL: A SECULAR DANCE (THE "JOGED") BY A GROWN-UP WOMAN AND HER WOOERS.



5. WHERE THE WOMAN WEARS A HEAD-DRESS OF FRESH GREEN GRASS: A MOVEMENT IN THE SECULAR DANCE (THE "JOGED") SHOWN IN THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH.



6. WITH LACQUER MASK AND LONG TONGUE OF CRIMSON CLOTH: THE DEMON OF DESTRUCTION DEVOURING A CHILD (A DOLL).

The remarkable drawings given on this and the following page are the work of Miss Tyra de Kleen, a Swedish artist, whose exhibition of Javanese and Balinese studies, recently placed on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, has attracted so much interest, not only for their high artistic quality, but as records from a hitherto unexplored field in comparative religion and ethnography. The drawings here reproduced, which have never been published elsewhere, were made in the island of Bali, adjacent to Java, and are the result of Miss de Kleen's long

sojourn in the interior as the guest of a native chief. She gives a full account of her experiences in the article on page 760. In a note on Illustrations 2 and 5 above, she says: "The Joged is a secular dance. Unlike the sacred dances, which are performed by girls of 11-14 years, this is a grown-up woman, who first dances alone, and then surrounded by men dancers from among the spectators. . . . In the continuation of the dance great acrobatic skill is developed in catching and escaping movements."

RITUAL DANCING EXTRAORDINARY: REMARKABLE STUDIES MADE IN BALI.

DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



1. WEARING A LONG HORSE-TAIL WIG AND FRESH FLOWERS FASTENED TO THE HEAD-DRESS: A PERFORMER IN THE "GALOOH," A TEMPLE DANCE.



2. WITH BODY TIGHTLY SWATHED TO ACCENTUATE ITS NATURAL SLIMNESS, AND FLOWERS ON HER HEAD: PERFORMING THE DANCE OF THE SACRED BIRD, "GARUDA."



3. WITH REAL FEATHERS ON THE BACK AND WINGS OF BUFFALO HIDE: THE FLUTTERING OF THE "GARUDA."



4. PERFORMING THE "SEMBAYAN" (THE BALINESE SALAAM) ACCORDED ONLY TO THE GODS AND IMPORTANT PEOPLE: THE PRAYER BEFORE A TEMPLE DANCE.



5. A WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE MOVEMENT WITH FANS: A STRIKING POSE IN THE "LEGONG," THE MOST FREQUENT OF THE TEMPLE DANCES.



6. AN ATTITUDE REQUIRING EXTRAORDINARY SUPPLENESS OF BODY: A COMPLICATED MOVEMENT IN A BALINESE TEMPLE DANCE KNOWN AS THE "CHONDONG."

The wonderful Balinese dances illustrated on this and the previous page are described by the artist, Miss Tyra de Kleen, in her article on page 760, as well as the romantic circumstances under which she made the drawings during her stay in the island of Bali, near Java. As already mentioned, her exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum has aroused great interest as an important contribution to the study of ritual dancing in a region hitherto little known. Of the above subjects she notes: "(1) The 'Galooh' is a temple dance. The long hair is a wig made of horse-tail and fastened to the head-covering. Before each performance fresh flowers are fastened all over the hair. (2) and (3) The dance

of the sacred bird, Garuda. The dancer gets real feathers fastened on her back and wings cut out of buffalo hide fastened to her arms and hands. Her movements imitate in a skilful way the fluttering and jumping of a bird. (4) The prayer before the temple dance. The dancing girl is doing the 'sembayan'—the Balinese salaam—which gesture is done to the gods and also to highly situated human beings; (5) 'Legong' is the most frequent of the temple dances, and the name is often used for temple dances in general; (6) 'Chondong' is a temple dance." Miss de Kleen has also illustrated Bali puppet-shows, musical instruments, and Buddhist and Shivaist ritual movements.

FROM ROMULUS TO THE CÆSARS: RUINS THE KING AND QUEEN WILL SEE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.



WHERE ONCE STOOD THE HUTS OF THE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE DESTINED TO BECOME THE IMPERIAL CITY OF ROME: RUINS OF THE HUGE BUILDINGS OF THE CÆSARS ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE PALATINE FACING THE FORUM.



THE MOST ANCIENT REMAINS OF ROME'S PAST GRANDEUR WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN WILL SEE DURING THEIR VISIT: THE SO-CALLED WALLS OF ROMULUS, ON THE CERMALUS, THE NORTHERN PLATEAU OF THE PALATINE HILL.

Rome and its splendours are much in our minds at present owing to the fact that the King and Queen are going there, and during their visit will spend some three days in a tour among its ancient monuments. Elsewhere in this number we give two remarkable air photographs of the modern city: in one of which part of the Forum Romanum, as well as the Forum of Trajan, are visible, near the modern monument to Victor Emmanuel. Above we show some of the earliest remaining vestiges of the city of Romulus, as well as ruins dating from the time

of the Cæsars, on the Palatine. As mentioned on another page, the King of Italy opened in State, a few days ago, an Exhibition of Agriculture, Industry, and Art in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, housed in buildings specially constructed, at a cost of about £35,000, as a replica of ancient Rome. The entrance is through an arch resembling that of Constantine, and the reconstructions include a forum, assembly hall, and amphitheatre in Græco-Roman style, as well as private houses of the days of the Cæsars.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL VISIT THE POPE: THE VATICAN AND ST. PETER'S AT ROME FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ITALIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF AERONAUTIC CONSTRUCTION, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALSHER.



THE HEART OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE WEST END OF ROME, SHOWING ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, THE TIBER, THE CASTEL SANT' ANGELO, AND THE PALAZZO DI GIUSTIZIA.

The King and Queen are due to arrive in Rome on May 7, and on the 9th they will visit Pope Pius XI. at the Vatican. They will drive thither by motor-car from the British Embassy near the Porta Pia, on the other side of the Tiber, preceded by the Papal Master of Ceremonies, and the cars will fly the British and Papal colours side by side. The Pope will receive their Majesties at the door of the Throne Room, and after a ceremonial exchange of greetings will invite them to his private apartments. The royal visitors, being Protestants, will not perform the genuflection. On leaving the Pope, they will walk to the apartments of Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. The above interesting photograph is one of a series of aerial views of famous Italian

cities and scenery taken by the Photographic Laboratory of the Italian Establishment of Aeronautics. The Department of Antiquities is planning an archaeological survey of the whole country based on similar aerial photographs, a striking innovation in classical topography. Our illustration shows the west end of Rome. The great dome of St. Peter's is seen in the centre background, with the Vatican to the right and its gardens beyond. In the right foreground is the Palazzo di Giustizia (Palace of Justice) with the Cavour Bridge leading to it across the Tiber. The next bridge is the Ponte Sant' Angelo, leading to the Castel Sant' Angelo on the right. The third bridge is the Ponte Umberto. In the top left corner of the photograph is shown part of an aeroplane in flight.



THE ETERNAL CITY IN HER 2676TH YEAR, TO BE VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: ROME FROM THE AIR—SHOWING PART OF THE ANCIENT FORUM (RECENTLY REPRODUCED IN EXHIBITION BUILDINGS), THE CAPITOL, TRAJAN'S FORUM, AND THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT.

The fact that the King and Queen are shortly to visit Rome lends a special interest to this unusual view of the Eternal City. Taking the date of the foundation by Romulus as 753 B.C. (some put it at 754 B.C.), the anniversary celebrated by a march of the Fascisti on April 21 was the 2676th. The above photograph, taken from an aeroplane, shows the southern centre of Rome, looking south-west. In the middle is the great Monument of Victor Emmanuel, with the Altar of the Fatherland. It faces nearly north down the Corso Umberto (to the

right), with the Piazza Venezia immediately in front of it and the Palazzo Venezia the first building on the far side of the Corso. Behind the Monument is the Capitol (Monte Capitolino), and on the extreme left (middle distance) part of the Forum. Between the Monument and the left foreground is Trajan's Forum. In the background is the island in the Tiber. On April 29 King Victor opened, in the Villa Borghese Gardens, an Exhibition of Agriculture, Industry, and Art, the buildings being a replica of ancient Rome, including the Forum.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ITALIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF AERONAUTIC CONSTRUCTION. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

THE "DOWN NEEDLES" MOVEMENT IN PARIS: MIDINETTES ON STRIKE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER.



THE STOPPAGE IN THE FRENCH DRESSMAKING TRADE: GIRLS LEAVING A MEETING AT THE BOURSE DE TRAVAIL.

The Parisian "midinette," or dressmakers' assistant, is a well-known figure in the French capital. Her light-hearted gaiety, her industry, her trim appearance has been sung by many poets and writers, and "Mimi," as she is called, is a very popular figure. She is now on strike for higher wages, the sum demanded being 150 francs per week for first hands, 115 for second hands, and 85 for improvers. These demands do not sound exorbitant, but the great dressmaking firms state that it is impossible for the industry to meet them, more especially as the system of credit is an old-established custom in the dressmaking trade. The strike has been described as a "lighthearted" one, and it is said that the police are more worried by it than anyone else, as they do not care to be severe with the pretty young

strikers; but it must not be forgotten that the dressmaking industry is a very important one in Paris, and that the complete stoppage brought about by the strike is a serious matter. The employers pointed out that the present rates of pay were accepted in 1920, when the increase in the cost of living was officially 370, whereas it is now 324. As no arrangement has been reached, the general lock-out has been in force since April 23. The activity in the region of the Place de l'Opéra and the Rue du Château d'Eau, where the Bourse de Travail is situated, has been considerable, and the police have had to disperse various gatherings. Our page shows a typical gathering of the young strikers leaving the Bourse de Travail.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

A COINCIDENCE: STANDING NEAR HIS OWN HILL-TOP GRAVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.



AT THE SPOT CHOSEN FOR HIS OWN PLACE OF BURIAL—JUST BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EGYPT FOR THE OPENING OF THE TUTANKHAMEN TOMB: THE LATE EARL OF CANARVON ON THE SUMMIT OF BEACON HILL.

There is a pathetic interest in this striking photograph of the late Lord Carnarvon, whose death followed so tragically his great discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt. Like another famous Englishman of African memory, Cecil Rhodes, his chosen grave was on a hilltop, though, unlike that of Rhodes, among the "hills of home"; and here he is shown standing close to his own place of burial, on the summit of Beacon Hill near his Hampshire seat at Highclere Castle. The hill, which is nearly 1000 ft. high, overlooks four counties—Hampshire, Wiltshire,

Berkshire, and Oxfordshire. The body of the late Earl was brought from Cairo by his widow and members of the family, who landed with it at Plymouth from the steamer "Malwa" on April 27. The funeral procession from Highclere up Beacon Hill was arranged for Monday, April 30, the bearers of the coffin being accompanied only by the widowed Countess, her daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, and the new Earl and his wife (formerly Lord and Lady Porchester). Probably no previous burial has taken place on Beacon Hill since the Romans were in Britain.

The Art of the Short Story.—I.

WHENCE COMETH HELP.

By JOHN RUSSELL, Author of "Where the Pavement Ends."



THE hero of this tale had been known by various high-sounding names during his career, but the only one that lingered on the popular tongue was Da-hin Mando. He was very old and very ugly, moss-grown as any dead tree of the swamp. Also he was quite without honour, for the priests had long since shifted their temples to the comfortable river villages. A god who asks for nothing gets nothing in Africa, where the competition is keen. He was hewn of a single teak log, and Serwin found him in the howling jungle when he came to Anyangba to take residence as company agent for all the Bassa country.

There was little society at Anyangba, and that was dark and exceedingly shy, besides being distinctly cannibalistic in taste. There were no amusements officially provided at Anyangba, except brandy, chlorodyne, and cigarettes. Whenever the agent at Anyangba had nothing else to do, he could sit in his slatted verandah and enjoy the outlook upon the green walls of his prison, and listen to his heart beating in a stillness as deep as the pit and as wide as space. And if he grew impatient of that, he could consider the three grassy mounds at the far end of the compound, which were occupied by three former agents at Anyangba. They also had grown impatient and had hurried on. All in all, Serwin was frightfully bored with Anyangba by the end of his first month.

Perez, the queer little blob of a Portuguese who had weathered untold seasons as company super at Nygama Bay, sized Serwin up to last about half a year.

"Not much more," he assured Stein, the travelling manager, over an interminable solitaire. "Why do they send out such men? He gets no trade, and I get hell. Will the company make good that loss in my commission?"

Stein never paid any attention to the whining of his old subordinate. But he knew that Perez knew more about the black welter of western Africa than any white who ever lived there. And if Perez said that the new agent would peg out in six months, it was very likely to be so. He waited patiently while the Portuguese bewailed his ill luck and his poor commissions through three packs of cards.

"What's the matter with Serwin?" he asked.

"Eh?" blinked Perez. "A fool! A big, strong, full-blooded fool! What will he make in the jungle? Look—a man must have at least one foible here. One trifling interest to keep him solid. Let it be only orchids, or little bugs—or a girl at home. I have my solitaire. You—well, you are Stein, without nerves and without passion. Besides, you have your pension to get. Ah! A pension is better than many commissions—"

"And Serwin?" insisted Stein.

"Has nothing!" cried Perez, flinging his hands abroad. "Absolutely! He is your type without care or belief. He has been wild at home, I think—that kind. Well, it will be wild enough for him here! My word, yes! Listen. When he was leaving up-river, at the last, I made to learn if he has some religion, even. But no. He laughed in my face. He will pass out before the rains, that man—pouf! I have seen many Serwins before."

So had Stein, but he only answered, "Sometimes fools are lucky."

"Quite so," chuckled Perez. "His luck may bring him a spear between the shoulders instead of—worse. But take my word, you will need a new man at Anyangba when you come next trip."

Meanwhile, Serwin, exploring around his station, discovered Da-hin Mando. He stood waist deep in the lush growth that had flowed over the crumbled temple site, and grinned up at the massive head.

"Why, hello!" he said. "Fancy meeting you!"

The Bassas lack artistic tradition. Their sculptors know nothing of totem poles or the vivid gargoyles of more playful races. They had hewn a ju-ju with rude features, level-browed, bald, and round. But decay had improved their handiwork. Worms and green lichens had wrought upon the eye-sockets and slab cheeks with grim effect. This was a true jungle god, scowling, hideous. It struck Serwin's humour.

"Old boy," he declared, "you're not handsome, but you're blame dignified. I like your style."

He turned to his Mandingo body servant.

"Pede, observe our latest recruit. Here is a god, well preserved. We will take him home. He will keep watch for thieves at the store shed. Also he may improve the cookery of the thrice-cursed son of Eblis who scorches all our meat."

He threw an arm around the great upright post and put his strength to it. But Da-hin Mando was firm set in earth.

"A god not easily to be moved," laughed Serwin. "An upright god—a just and inflexible god! Pede, call up the boys to dig this fellow out."

The grave Mandingo shook his head, keeping his distance from Da-hin Mando, ill at ease.

"It is not good to meddle with such things," he said. "Many thousands have worshipped in this



DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

Serwin fired, and Da-hin Mando was drilled with a new pock-mark on his round chest.

could nick a bit of flesh from a man as neatly as a scalpel, and his lean face clouded.

"A pity I haven't had to thrash a man since I got up. And there is a strip of rhinoceros hide one of the river boys is going to sell me—much better than this. Do they fear me so greatly?"

"A little when you whip them. But that is a different kind of fear. Chiefly they fear because Da-hin Mando has been restored to honour and has come to live in our compound. Therefore they bring gum and oil. They will make no trouble, master."

"Will they not?" said Serwin, scowling. "So that's it. Now I have a notion it is going to be different before I'm through with them."

He rose and called for his rifle, saying he would hunt. As he groomed the weapon in the verandah, he chanced casually to glance along the barrel at Da-hin Mando. At that he saw Pede's eyeball roll. Naturally, he grinned and aimed then with intention. Pede winced, and Serwin fired, and Da-hin Mando was drilled with a new pock-mark on his round chest.

"Pede—see how much worth is your wooden god," laughed Serwin. "I have shot him. Do you still think you need fear any but me?"

The results of this simple act were rather astonishing. Shooting a ju-ju was a proposition that had never presented itself to the native mind. It might have meant war and rapine; with a spear between the shoulders—even as Perez said—for the author of such appalling sacrilege, and the obliterating of every mark of white men from the country. In any foreview, it might have meant this just as well. But it did not. Serwin gained some notion of its impact the next time he went abroad, and found his way impeded by human forms that grovelled before his steps. The shy society of Anyangba was trying to flatten into a carpet for his benefit.

"By George, they're worshipping me!" exclaimed Serwin, and stood grinning and crisping his moustache.

It was so. Quite by chance and without intent, Serwin had set himself at the head of the whole jungle hierarchy. The resurrection of Da-hin Mando had impressed the Bassas. His public execution overwhelmed them. From the depths of the jungle they listened, quaking, while Serwin exercised himself at dread target-practice—Da-hin Mando began to look like a colander—and hastened to put their possessions, their lives, their immortal souls at the service of this new ju-ju on two feet.

The net answer was multiplied tabasco for Serwin. Tabasco a little bit more, and a little bit more yet.

place—seeking help. Also Da-hin Mando was once very powerful. Let us move off."

Then Serwin mocked him, because Pede was by way of being a Mussulman, and owned a full beard for all his black skin, and was therefore committed against all works of the heathen—idols in particular.

"You are afraid of this wooden god," taunted Serwin, until Pede, hard pressed, had this to say—

"No, master—no. But that which is above any god and all gods—that I fear."

"There is no need," returned Serwin. "When I am by, you need fear none other. I am enough for you to fear, and for these. Bid them dig."

In the end, his Bassa boys took some driving. It was welcome entertainment. He found himself astride a man on the ground, wielding a lash that hissed, and strangely exultant. When you are the sole accredited authority over some thousands of very inferior savages, removed some thousands of miles—more or less—from conventional delights, you are apt to take curious pleasure in these little whims. There being none to dispute, you naturally increase the percentage of tabasco. Serwin thrashed three blacks, and felt better. The Bassas did not like to disturb Da-hin Mando, who had once been powerful, but they liked even less the heavy hand and evil eye of their white ruler. So they tore away the vines and dug up the teakwood god and carried him on their shoulders to the station at Anyangba.

Serwin established Da-hin Mando near the gate under a young oil palm that spread like a canopy. It chanced that the cook was absent about the slaughtering of a young goat, and as he came trotting back he arrived in the presence without introduction. Serwin, watching in the verandah, almost fell out of his chair with laughter. He laughed until the cook's wail of dismay faded in the distance. He laughed many times while his household was adjusting itself to a god on the premises.

That night fever took him, and for a week he lay helpless while Pede nursed him as faithfully as if he had been a favourite son or the noblest and best

For where is the use of being a god unless you can have the little indulgences you crave? His nerves, shaken by fever and drugs, fell very readily into the way of craving in imperious fashion. Fawning figures stole up out of the jungle with gifts and invitations, not all of them seemly. He learned that this dull prison of his could offer curious opportunities for distraction. And Serwin was one who of himself had no moral sheet-anchor—no "foible," as Perez had truly fathomed.

He did not know that this sort of thing has been tried before. By bad men too; men with skin as thick as rhinoceros hide, but never quite thick enough, because it is white. Nor that the end always and invariably has been a little mound at the end of a compound somewhere.

"Whom do they fear now?" he asked of Pede, with a grin. And Pede answered truthfully, and not quite steadily, for Serwin was towering over him—"They fear you, master."

It should be said that the succeeding period of Serwin's history was considerably befogged. No one can live on *tinctura chloroformi et morphinae* and bad brandy, in growing doses, and retain any very clear idea of events. But Serwin believed that he was having a glorious time. By this he meant no more than that he had found escape from the vast stewing silences, that he had found fascination, wonder, and excitement—strange and fantastic excitement—and had taken to it with the furious appetite and slackened fibres of illness, loneliness, and revolt. Venturing into the jungle was no longer a matter of perfunctory exploration. He went alone, and eagerly. He began to go very often.

On a certain night, soon after Serwin's recovery from his third attack of fever, Pede, the Mandingo, might have been observed alone in the compound at Anyangba. An African night of starlight, of profound blue shadows and greens faintly luminous, when the clearing was like the bottom of a great well sunk from farthestmost space. Pede stood beneath the lone oil-palm on the east side. His face was toward the gate, and he stood as one who listens and watches for a sign, hands clenched against his breast.

The jungle was awake. From far off in its depths came the thick, coughing howl of ceremonial drums, the savage cadence of a chant. It flared with fires where naked black figures spun and leaped. It was alive with the wild and incomprehensible life that has teemed here since the dawn of ages, clamorous, but a mystery, as it always has been and must be. Swarming, but unfathomable; its secrets, its terrors, its passions only to be guessed, and then only by obscurest instinct, the heritage of all men from the dimmest past which is also its past—and its present.

Pede stood for a long time. Now and then, at some wafted burst of sound, his lips moved. Perhaps he invoked something or somebody. Then, at a sudden rustling outside, he took a quick step forward.

Serwin drifted into the gateway and leaned there, a big, slack-limbed blot against the dark. His breath rasped in his throat. He was like a runner hard spent, and he looked back the way he had come, as if expecting pursuit. But there was no pursuit, and still he looked. In one hand he carried a thing like a club or a sword, but flexible. His khaki shirt was open and showed the triangle of his breast, startlingly white, the only white spot in that twilight, and glistening with sweat. Pede touched him timidly, and he started.

"Who's there?"

"Only Pede, master. Come with me."

Pede would have drawn him toward the house, but he lurched away, snarling.

"Let go, you damned black fool! Put your hands on me? Get out, I say!" And then in Hausa, which even a sloven tongue cannot wholly rob of dignity, "Stand off, dog! Do you know who I am?" He stumbled back against the gatepost.

Now the Mandingo was not notably a brave man. He was himself a black, a negroid, and he could not have felt safe against devils and blastings in what he did. But he had lived in the windswept open of the Sudan, and he was faithful to his meat. Therefore he caught up his courage, albeit with trembling.

"I know who you are, master. Kampani agent and my master and master of this station. And, moreover, a white man. It is written that no man shall change the colour of his skin. Neither white nor black. So, master—so, I say, come away from the jungle before a judgment fall. Oh, come away quickly!"

Serwin regarded him sombrely.

"Who speaks of judgment? I am the only judgment." But the arrogant tone became querulous. "Pede, you are doubtless drunk, for which I shall presently punish you. Meanwhile, what am I doing here? I thought—"

He stopped with an intake of breath. From far in the night came a quivering wail of many voices;

infinitely wild and mournful. It made a single articulation, as if the jungle had called. Serwin's head rolled on his shoulder as he listened. He wetted his lips lustfully, yet he clutched the gate. He writhed with desire and loathing. What horror lured him, what shame withheld, only those who have glimpsed the forgotten sources could suspect. He said nothing, but in his agony was a dumb appeal. He was like a wader in some treacherous flood who feels his footing suddenly gone. Pede responded by pinning him to the wall.

"You shall not go!"

He flung the Mandingo off with brutal violence, and raised his weapon for a blow. Pede shrank, but gave no ground.

"Damn you!" snarled Serwin.

It was a length of rhinoceros hide, the kind of whip that can strip a man's flesh from his bones. But as Serwin lifted it to the creature who had nursed him and loved him, he hesitated. He lowered the thing and gazed on it, and it was stained and wet,



DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

He fell to the ground, a swooning suppliant at the feet of Da-hin Mando.

for that which was upon it had not yet dried. With something like a sob he threw it from him and stood with his face in his hands, swaying.

"Damn you, Pede—what do you stop me for? No use, I tell you. There's no help—no help!"

Then Pede made answer according to his lights, to meet that word of despair.

"Yes," he cried, "here is help. Look! Here is one who will not fail you—master. Look up—look up—and be afraid."

With a gesture of his lean arm, almost triumphant, wholly inspired, he pointed upward. There in the starlight stood Da-hin Mando, planted by the oil-palm. It was a big image, and as it loomed vague against the sky, it seemed verily to dwarf them from a vast height. Serwin, bewildered, gave a little miserable crack of laughter.

"That? Our wooden god, Pede—Da-hin Mando? Help from him?"

"Yes," said Pede, "a wooden god—but more. There comes a time when the strongest man is weak like a little child. It is the time to fear him, master—to call to him—to that which is above any god and all gods. He will listen and help!"

It was twisted theology, of course, but here was a racked and twisted soul; and as Serwin stared up at the figure of Da-hin Mando, the mocking laughter died in his throat. Serwin had come pretty close to the far edge of things. He had pushed back and back of many a curtain that veils the naked beginnings. Also, this was Africa, where life runs the same groove it ran before the glaciers. This was the jungle, where men have made idols because they needed them. And by its dim twilight bulked that old heathen god, the symbol of human aspiration, the sign of divine wrath upon evildoers—of comfort, support, and guidance to all who reel upon the verge of destruction.

There was no witness save Pede, and Pede did not speak of illusion, neither of sick visions nor delirium when afterward he spoke of it at all. He said that the master had seen what he had seen, and as for Serwin, he knew what he saw.

Before his stricken gaze Da-hin Mando underwent a terrible transfiguring. The great head moved in awful majesty. From under the frowning brows all-seeing eyes were opened upon him. In their regard was power: the strength eternal that makes the sinner afraid. And Serwin, who had never yet feared anything in his life, was afraid to the quaking marrow of his bones. Nothing was hidden from those eyes, which bent such a look upon him as was scarce to be borne. There came a surge of sound from the forest, and the air seemed to thunder with a mighty voice. Under that dreadful warning the knees of the wretched man smote together, and he fell to the ground, a swooning suppliant at the feet of Da-hin Mando.

The travelling manager was skimming the reports of the coast super at Nygama Bay on his next visit, when he made his discovery. He paused with one finger on a sheet.

"Ah, you have noticed?" chuckled Perez, over an endless game of solitaire.

Stein waited.

"My new record at Anyangba," nodded Perez, with an assumption of complacency. "I am quite proud, eh? How joyful must be the company to have Perez! Never any upland station has shown so great an increase in so short a time. Do you think they will raise my commission?"

"You can ask them," suggested Stein dryly.

Perez made a wry face and went back to his layout. But Stein's finger stayed on the sheet, inexorable, and in the pause the little Portuguese began to fidget. At last he gave up his attempt and slammed the cards on the table, as he met Stein's steady glance.

"Ah, yes, then, if you must have it," he burst out. "We were wrong with that fellow—that Serwin. The receipts grow every month. There is never a complaint of the least—neither from him nor from his people. It is wonderful."

"How did he do it?" asked Stein.

"How should I know?" whined Perez, flinging out his hands. "I live here on the coast and play solitaire. What do I know of the back country? So much gum—so much oil. I take it and pass it on. If my agent is no good and sends me none, I get fits—me, poor Perez. But if he is a marvel and sends me much, does anybody pay me for my cleverness?"

But because Stein knew that Perez knew—would never have rested until he did know—he would not be denied.

"What has Serwin done?"

"He has stayed sober," blinked Perez.

"Yes, I can testify, because his letters now are always straight—business, you understand—oh, models! And he does not even any more require chlorodyne—which is good for fever but bad for the nerves. A marvel of an agent, that man."

Still Stein waited, and Perez leaned over the table and spoke with sudden heat:

"Is that enough? No? Then suppose I tell you that he worships a ju-ju of the forest—eh? But yes! An image of wood, look you, for which he builds a shrine by his house, with offerings of flowers and sweet herbs, and a fire of incense. And there that man, that white man, that big, strong-blooded fool, has found his foible. . . . My word, yes! He makes his prayer, morning and night, before a heathen idol. Suppose I tell you that. Would it explain enough? Because it must also explain how me—Perez—came to be so badly mistaken. Bah—this is Africa! Does anyone ever learn to know anything about it?"

"Ah!" said Stein.

They sat silent for a while, and each was thinking of that vast black land of enigma behind there.

"Yes," said Stein presently. "That would do it. A god in the jungle? I told you he might be lucky. And so he was—very lucky to find one."

THE END.

NINE HUNDRED CASUALTIES: THE STORMING OF THE STADIUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND L.N.A.



WHEN ALL ROADS LED TO WEMBLEY: A SECTION OF THE GREAT TREK TO THE STADIUM TO SEE THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL MATCH BETWEEN THE BOLTON WANDERERS AND WEST HAM—SPECTATORS GATHERING IN THEIR THOUSANDS ON FOOT, AND IN VANS, MOTOR-BUSES AND TAXIS.



AN ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT CLIMBING A 90-FT. PIPE TO THE ROOF OF A STAND



THE STORMING OF THE TURNSTILES AT THE WEMBLEY STADIUM: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO CLIMBED OVER THE BARRIERS.



PROMINENT AS "CROWD-COMPELLER": CONSTABLE SCOREY ON HIS GREY HORSE.



OUTSIDE THE TURNSTILES BEFORE THE STORMING BEGAN: A HUGE CROWD BESIEGING THE ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM, WITH ITS "PAY HERE" BOARDS.



INSIDE THE TURNSTILES AFTER THE STORMING BEGAN: THE CROWD HURRYING FORWARD, AND MEN CLIMBING OVER THE BARRIERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The unparalleled crowd that besieged the Stadium at Wembley, the biggest structure of its kind in the world, was about three times larger than had been anticipated, and even that huge enclosure was too small to accommodate the multitude. The situation was such that a serious disaster might have occurred, but for the magnificent work of the police, who rushed up reinforcements of mounted men with all possible speed. After the King's arrival, which had an excellent moral effect on the crowd, the police were at last able to clear a sufficient space on the field for

the match to be played. Prominent among the mounted men was Constable Scorey, who on his grey horse was conspicuous everywhere, riding from one point to another and marshalling the people into order. Many of the spectators themselves were induced to link hands and assist in clearing the ground. It was wonderful that no fatal accident occurred, but some 900 people were more or less injured, of whom 22 were taken to the Willesden General Hospital, where 8 were detained for treatment.

"THE TAP OF TRAFFIC HAD BEEN TURNED FULL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND CENTRAL



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WHOSE ARRIVAL HAD A STEADYING EFFECT, AND WHOSE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR DISTRIBUTING A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY,



GIVING THE KING THE GREATEST WELCOME HE HAS EVER EXPERIENCED: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD GAZING UP AT THE ROYAL BOX WHILE THE GUARDS' BAND PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND MOUNTED POLICE KEPT THE PEOPLE BACK.

The enormous concourse which besieged the Stadium at Wembley for the Football Association Cup Final match between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham, won by Bolton Wanderers by 2 goals to none, was probably the greatest assemblage that was ever gathered into one place of such dimensions. An official statement issued by the Stadium authorities said: "The total number of people who either paid for admission or broke the barriers may be estimated to have exceeded 200,000. The total estimated capacity of the Stadium is 127,000, and probably 150,000 got a good view of the match." In the crush caused by thousands of people forcing their way in, some 900 people were hurt. Discussing the event afterwards, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Travers Clarke, deputy chairman of the body

ON": THE HUGE CUP FINAL CROWD AT WEMBLEY.

AEROPHOTO CO.: SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL



THE CROWD RELIEVED THE PRESSURE, FACING THE GREATEST ASSEMBLAGE ON RECORD, AND RECEIVING AN UNPRECEDENTED OVATION: BEFORE THE FIELD WAS CLEARED FOR PLAY.



WHERE OVER 200,000 SPECTATORS EITHER PAID FOR ADMISSION OR BROKE THE BARRIERS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WEMBLEY STADIUM PACKED WITH PEOPLE (SOME ON THE ROOF) AND SURROUNDED WITH CROWDS UNABLE TO ENTER.

that controls the Stadium, said: "The whole trouble was that the tap of traffic had been turned full on, and nobody could turn it off." Congestion and chaos were at their height when the King came on the scene, but his Majesty's arrival had a steadying effect, and proved to be the turning-point towards securing order. The vast crowd made way for his car, and when he appeared in the royal box greeted him with tremendous cheering. His Majesty, observing vacant seats in the covered stand, suggested that all who could should be allowed to take them. His advice was acted on, and helped greatly to relieve the pressure. In the panoramic view above, the King is seen at the right hand end of the group in the left foreground, standing next to the Duke of Devonshire.

The WORLD of WOMEN

Duke of York with his two elder brothers as supporters, and his bride with her father; while the white-clad bridesmaids stood on and below the steps. It was an arresting and stately picture.

Princess Mary, who would have vivid impressions of Feb. 28 last in the same great national Abbey, was with her husband, Viscount Lascelles, K.G., D.S.O., and was looking very bright and very charming in a dress of cream-coloured old lace over satin, having a sash of pale-gold tissue, and cloak of gold cloth embroidered in gold and lined with pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine. A cream-coloured crêpe-de-Chine hat was worn, finished with cream-coloured ostrich feathers. The Princess and the bride of her brother are firm friends, and have always had a great deal in common. Tell it not in Gath and breathe it not in the streets of Askalon!—a dislike of State ceremonial and high convention has been one ground on which their sympathies have met.

A royal lady on whom time lays hands very lightly and tenderly is Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, always a charming and a graceful figure, and certainly a presence in the Abbey which was keenly appreciated. Her Royal Highness was wearing sapphire-blue satin with panels of grey chiffon beautifully embroidered in grey. A dark sapphire-blue hat with grey feathers was in harmony with the dress, and there was a cape-wrap of blue satin having a silver fox collar. The likeness between the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louise was particularly marked as they talked together.

The Princess Royal was in soft blue crêpe-de-Chine and dull silver lace; a turban-shaped hat of silver tissue was veiled in grey tulle. Princess Maud—

Egyptian designs in bluish-purple are printed on this attractive lace stitch silk marocain jumper, which Harvey Nichols have expressed in jade-green and white.

THERE were many feminine thrills over the Royal Wedding, and one must say that there were some manly ones too. Was it not generally conceded that the men were ahead of our sex in glory and brilliance of dress at Princess Mary's wedding? Consequently, it was up to those who turned out the women wedding guests to change all that. The first among us, her Gracious Majesty the Queen, left nothing to be desired in her magnificent appearance in Westminster Abbey. A really lovely dress was hers—the softest of blues, woven with silver, and falling in soft and graceful folds. The over-dress was of a particularly handsome soft and rich dull silver lace. Brilliance was supplied by a very novel and most effective bordering and fringe of long, thick, smooth crystal cubes in which was a touch of aquamarine blue. The always distinguished-looking ribbon of the Garter fell into the colour-scheme of the dress; on it were the lesser "Star of Africa" diamonds, and the star of the grand old Order itself was also worn. Some jewels flashed out from her Majesty's blue and silver toque, and row after row of large and magnificent diamonds and pearls flashed at her neck and in her ears. The Queen's walk, while quite unstudied, is stately and dignified, and her carriage and poise of head most queenly. "There's a Queen for you!" said a lady near me; "you wouldn't match our first lady of the land easily."

Did the dainty petite bride look frightened? Not a bit; somewhat nervous, certainly. Any nice girl would have been—the cynosure of every eye, as Victorian novelists would have it, on so great an occasion. Her air-blue uniformed bridegroom gave her a very welcoming smile as she joined him at the entrance to the Sacrament. That was possibly the most picturesque moment of the ceremony. The magnificent robes of the clergy, the jewelled badges of Orders of Knighthood of which he is chaplain flashing out from the splendid cope worn by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London in ecclesiastically gorgeous robes, the Primus of Scotland in no way behind, and the fine, dignified presence of Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and other dignitaries of the Abbey in red and gold copes, made a remarkable group. The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, and other royal guests were ranged on one side leading up to the altar (on which was fine gold plate,) and the bride's relatives and members of the Diplomatic Corps on the other. Facing the clergy were the bridal party, the



Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are responsible for this Paisley and black jumper with the new frayed hems.

very conspicuously good-looking, well-set-up sons of the King. Viscount Lascelles never looks better than in his Grenadier Guards uniform with the ribbon of the Garter across his tunic. His marriage is a proven success, and his and Princess Mary's happiness is so written in their faces that who runs may read.

Lady Glamis, the bride's sister-in-law, wore one of the most successful costumes in the Abbey. It was all silver—soft, almost liquid-looking silver. The silver cloak had a grey pleated chiffon collar, and a white rose of York on the left shoulder. A small hat of auburn-hued velvet was worn, with a sweeping aquamarine feather at one side flecked all over with silver. Lady Glamis, a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and a very elegant and pretty woman, had a bridesmaid-daughter, aged eleven, the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon.

One of the last of the great ladies was the Marchioness of Lansdowne, in pearl-grey embroidered in cut steel, with a draped and fringed cascade down one side. A very dignified and charming black hat finished with grey feathers was the cachet of a delightful costume. Lady Lansdowne shares with the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava the distinction of being the most decorated of British ladies. She wore the badges of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, the Companion of Honour, that of Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and the ribbon and star of the Order of the British Empire. Lady Lansdowne wore pearl and diamond ornaments, but the puzzle must have been to get all the badges on the left side of her bodice.

Very smart and delightfully pretty looked the lovely little Countess of Brecknock, in a pale dead-leaf brown dress of crêpe marocain trimmed with lace embroidered in self colour, and on the coatee a nutria collar. A picture hat of gold tissue and lace was worn, and in it a new plumage of unusual beauty and gilt flecked.

The dresses, and more particularly the hats, were more ornate, handsomer, and more varied than at the Abbey wedding of last year. This made an excellent effect in the collective view.

Men's military, diplomatic, naval, Air Service, and official uniforms were not quite so conspicuously in the ascendant as at Princess Mary's wedding.

A. E. L.



A pale blue organdie frock decorated with broderie anglaise. At Harvey Nichols.

who, as ever, was beside her mother—wore a fawn-coloured lace gown over cloth-of-gold and a hat of gold tissue and lace. Prince Henry, in 10th Hussar uniform, and Prince George, in naval uniform, were

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*"The Spaniards," Hampstead*

How Kenwood was Saved in 1780.

TRADITION has it that many a night Dick Turpin found welcome shelter and refreshment at The Spaniards. The inn is built on the site of an ancient toll-gate on Hampstead Heath and is named after its original landlord, a Spaniard, who laid out the old stone garden, shown above. The design is formed in coloured pebbles, a style in vogue before the days of the herbaceous border.

During the Gordon Riots, the mob, having sacked and burned Lord Mansfield's residence in Bloomsbury Square, set out to wreak a similar vengeance at Caen Wood, his country seat, now known as Kenwood. The way lay by the Spaniards. The mob were hot and thirsty. Their object was temporarily forgotten.

The innkeeper, learning their purpose, plied them with ale and meanwhile sent word of the danger to Lord Mansfield's steward. Resourceful in his turn, the steward called for the military and sent some barrels of ale from the Caen Wood cellars to keep the mob busy until the soldiers should arrive. The ruse succeeded. The ringleaders were arrested. Caen Wood was saved.

The Spaniards was in those days a chosen resort of "the quality," being well away from London's cobbles and yet within comfortable driving distance of town. Without doubt, after their drive from town, folk were ready for that fine old whisky—the original John Haig, whose unvarying quality has been renowned from 1627 to this day.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627

*By Appointment*

Fashions and Fancies.

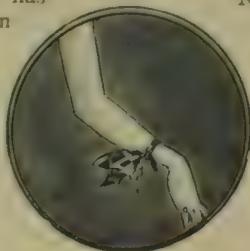
Ideas for Evening Wear.

Everything that a woman wants for evening wear has been the inspiration of the artist this week, and in the charming brocade frock illustrated in the centre of the page she has shown the latest form taken by the old-fashioned dresses now in vogue. The Empire style, with its slightly raised waist and slit-open overskirt, holds its own among the Victorian dresses, and in many cases the pannier hips are modified to a considerable extent. Tiny handkerchiefs that harmonise in colour with the gown are tied into a wristlet, and this idea had been adopted by Miss Viola Tree in "The Gay Lord Quex," at His Majesty's; while another innovation is the mule evening slipper. This low-cut comfortable shoe has hitherto been confined to negligé wear, but it has now grown itself a short, close-fitting heel-piece and a strap, and figures as the newest of evening shoes. Certainly it is so delightful for dancing purposes, as it is so light on the foot. All dancing enthusiasts whose hair has been bobbed and is now in the difficult intermediate stages should wear a hair-ornament consisting of a narrow band

The Ever-Favoured Jumper.

There is no special season for jumpers; they are evergreens as far as fashion is concerned, so that a timely hint may be given to the effect that Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are displaying a large

right, in Paisley and black, with the fashionable frayed hems, costs 39s. 6d. A delightfully cool colour-scheme prevails in the other, which is carried out in jade-green and white lace stitch silk marocain, with bluish-purple Egyptian designs on hem and sleeves. It shows the long cross-over lines which are always so kind to stout women, and the tie sash is of black crêpe-de-Chine: 3½ guineas is the price, and the same sum will secure one of the cotton velours blouse coatees in which Harvey Nichols have specialised. This new material is almost like corduroy velvet in appearance, though much lighter in texture; and these garments, which fasten tightly round the hips, can be had in scarlet and white, green and white, and royal blue and white. In the gown salons may be found delightful organdie summer frocks, similar to the one sketched, decorated with broderie anglaise.



A minute handkerchief takes the place of the Victorian velvet or silk ribbon wristlet.



A pretty head-dress of white velvet, supported by a crown of artificial pearl ropes.



An Empire dress of satin brocade, showing the slit overskirt.



Shaded silk roses, placed on either side of a large tulle bow, make the most charming evening bag imaginable.

lessly the owner dances—a real boon to those with naturally light and fluffy hair.

selection of the most fascinating summer accessories. Two of them are sketched on page 774, and the one on the

Suggestions for Wedding Gifts.

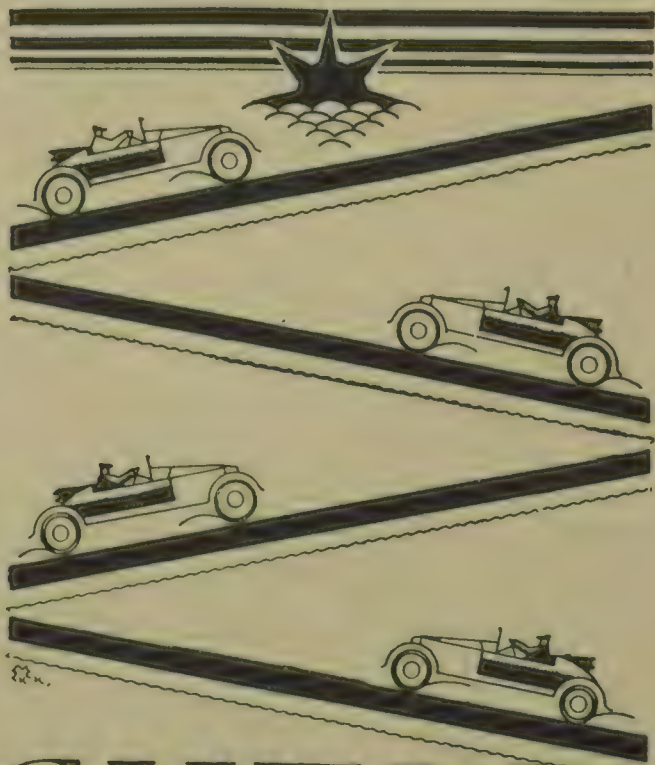
The choice of wedding gifts is always a difficult matter, and Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, is the place to look for them, as this firm has an exceedingly large range of suitable wedding gifts. A small table of polished mahogany opens to reveal a cunningly concealed set of cut-glass liqueur decanters and glasses. It is a most intriguing affair, for, at a touch, the liqueur tray slowly subsides, and the top closes over without assistance.

A Correction.

In the issue of *The Illustrated London News* dated April 21 there was an editorial notice of Ovaltine in which it was stated that this excellent tonic-food might be obtained through grocers. This is incorrect, as Ovaltine is stocked only by chemists.—E. A. R.



The latest idea in evening shoes has been inspired by the mule negligé slipper.



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GRACEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch) in good quality silk georgette, finely knife pleated each side of a straight panel back and front, belt of own material giving slight pouched effect, velvet petals down one side, both back and front; underslip of own material. In black, white, rose, cyclamen, mauve, powder and many other attractive colours.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MARIONETTES IN OPERA.

THE Italian Marionettes at the Scala Theatre have certainly jumped into immediate success. The theatre is crowded, and there is talk of putting on a *matinée* every day. The star of the troupe is undoubtedly the coffee-coloured acrobat who does everything possible on a slack rope; there is only one trick which—easy as it may be for human beings—is beyond his powers, and that is to turn a somersault. But, from a musical point of view, interest naturally centres on the opera. The company has a large operatic repertory, but at the time of writing the only one that has been performed is "The Sleeping Beauty," by Ottorino Respighi. It was composed for the marionettes, and is a delightful example of what a clever musician can do with limited resources. It is sung in English by English singers. There are some pleasant voices among them, but they have one serious fault: it is very difficult to hear their words. Indeed, it was quite a long time before I discovered that they were singing in English at all. It is possible that the translator of the opera is partly responsible for this misfortune. A misfortune it certainly was, for, although the story of the opera needs no explanation, the obscurity of the words made it seem a little long, in spite of Respighi's very charming music.

Opera for marionettes is nothing new, though we are unfamiliar with it in modern England. Alessandro Scarlatti and some other composers collaborated in composing an opera for marionettes more than two hundred years ago. In recent years there has been a great revival of marionette plays and operas in Germany, directed by ingenious artists; there was a marionette theatre at Munich, and another at Dresden. There is also a very good marionette show at Salzburg. The Italian marionettes are a good deal larger than the German ones, which were so small that one could

hardly enjoy their performance unless one sat in the front rows. At the Scala Theatre they are big enough to make their effect even in the distant seats.

It is a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, but I cannot agree with the people who say that performance by marionettes is the only solution of the operatic problem. There are many people who cannot see an opera in an ordinary theatre without being terribly worried by the unsuitable appearance or the inadequate acting of operatic singers. They see an opera per-

It may be charming to see a comic opera of Rossini, Cimarosa, or Mozart performed by marionettes; but I doubt whether "Fidelio" or "Parsifal" would be quite satisfactory in this medium. Not that marionettes cannot be serious; I have a vivid recollection of "La Mort de Tintagiles," acted by marionettes at Munich, which was startlingly impressive.

I suspect that the marionette enthusiasts find that real actors in opera are not too unnatural, but too natural. That means that these spectators regard

opera as unnatural, and can only enjoy it by being clearly conscious of its unnaturalness. In a certain sense all art is unnatural; but we are not really appreciating it if we are perpetually conscious of the fact. It is unnatural that people should sing the whole of a play instead of speaking it; it may seem additionally unnatural that the actor's emotions should be expressed in formal arias and ensembles such as Mozart or Rossini wrote. But if you are going to insist upon that point of view, it is not much good going to see an opera at all; you might just as well complain that it was not natural to an Englishman to act a play in French. It is one of the tests of a good opera that its unnaturalness should never be in the way; that the music should be so convincing as to make the characters seem just as real as the characters in a play—more real, perhaps, than our own selves in the audience. And music, or even poetry, can make marionettes seem real at moments, can make us forget that they are wooden dolls worked by strings, although we can see the strings with the naked eye.

The marionette holds our interest by constantly moving. The moment it is at rest, we know that it is a doll. If human singers moved their arms and legs as perpetually as marionettes do, we should find them intolerably restless, however graceful their movements were. The marionette opera is a constant reminder of the absurdity of opera. Consequently, it is a relief to the people whose sense of the ludicrous will not permit them to enjoy human opera. It would

[Continued overleaf.]



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Photograph by Topical.

formed by marionettes, and at once think the performance perfect. Possibly it may be so good a performance as almost to deserve that epithet. Certainly the marionettes at the Scala achieve wonders in the way of movement and gesture. But the enthusiastic spectator who jumps to this hasty conclusion does not, perhaps, realise that the opera which he has enjoyed has been either specially composed for marionettes or at least specially chosen for representation by them.

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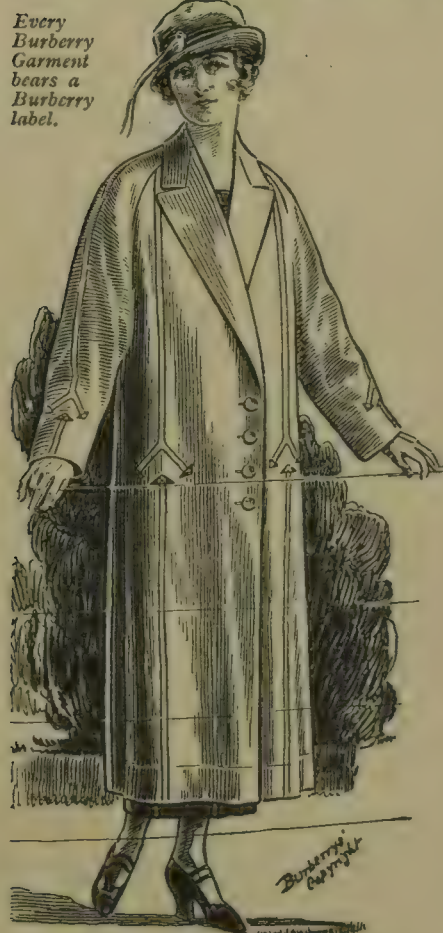


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Continued.] be interesting to compare the mental effect on different types of spectators. The company at the Scala have announced "Don Giovanni" as one of their forthcoming productions. You and I, who have seen



RECENTLY THE SCENE OF A SERVICE WHEN BAGPIPES WERE PLAYED IN ST. PAUL'S FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, WITH KNIGHTS' BANNERS.

At the annual service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, held in their chapel in St. Paul's on April 24 (St. George's Day), Scottish bagpipes were heard in the Cathedral for the first time, at the removal of the banners of two dead Knights Grand Cross, Sir John Bramston and Sir Charles Bruce. Over the vacant stalls were fixed the banners of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Buxton. Before the service the Prelate's throne was dedicated as a memorial to Lord Forrest, G.C.M.G.—[Photograph by Underwood Press Service.]

"Don Giovanni" dozens of times in England, France, or Germany, may very possibly find that we derive more pleasure from the marionettes' performance than we have ever had from a human performance.

We know the music by heart. If we see an ordinary performance we cannot help remembering that the individual performers are not all Patti and De Reszkes; or, if we are not troubled with such long memories, we may at any rate be disturbed by the fact that they do not "look their parts." The marionettes will undoubtedly look their parts. They will always make the right gesture at the right moment. They will, in fact, distract our attention from the singing, just as the music in a restaurant distracts our attention from the cooking, or from our neighbour's conversation or lack of it. The performance is something like a gramophone record of a symphony. The cold-blooded critic says that the gramophone record sounds more like a huge harmonium than an orchestra; the enthusiast who loves the music provides the orchestra out of his own memory and imagination. The marionette opera is in the same way a stimulus to memory and imagination.

What is the effect on the spectator who sees "Don Giovanni" for the first time in his life, acted by marionettes? What will his impressions be when he goes later to a real opera-house and sees the opera acted by human beings? It is possible that he may be in the position of a man who has heard a Beethoven symphony for the first time on a gramophone and then hears it played by an orchestra; the mere fact of having a certain familiarity with the music will help him to deeper enjoyment. On the other hand, the sight of human actors may be a distraction; he may experience a sudden disappointment because he has not received the same agreeable emotions that he derived from the marionettes' performance. Subconsciously, he is applying different standards of criticism. Yet I cannot believe that the puppet-show, apart from plays deliberately written for puppets, can ever produce the fullest intensity of emotional experience which human performance might give. The solution of the problem is, I think, to cultivate the habit of seeing opera with two separate and simultaneous eyes. It can be done; I mean that one can train oneself to see and laugh at the absurdities with one part of one's brain,

and with the other to perceive only what the composer intended. One may, after seeing a performance in this way, have no particular recollection of individual singers, which will doubtless annoy them very much if one happens to know them or their admirers; but one will have seen the opera itself. Humour, too, will have been satisfied.

EDWARD J. DENT.

There is a descent of British visitors on Spain this spring (writes "A. E. L."), and they are thoroughly enjoying what is a real change, unlike anything they have seen before. A friend writes from Malaga that the geraniums, freesias, cinerarias, scarlet and pink hibiscus are in full bloom in the public parks; while on the sunny walls of the villas the bougainvillea is a sheet of blossom, and on the hillsides and valleys are gardens of orange and lemon trees, thick with fruit. It sounds nice, does it not? When we are realising that "Oh, to be in England now the spring is here!" is not at all what we are feeling. Splendid motor cars bump about on awful roads, mixed up



THE NEW RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NORTHERN IRELAND, THE DUKE OF ABERCORN: BELVOIR PARK, NEAR BELFAST.
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with droves of goats and donkeys, in Malaga, and the noise is of all sorts and sounds, but our correspondent is delighted.

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THE TEMPLE DANCES OF BALI.

(Continued from Page 760.)

In case of more complicated subjects I employed as an interpreter a lad who knew Malay. I knew Malay, and soon picked up a little Balinese, sufficient to make myself understood.

As I had come there to study the dances, the *Pungawa* arranged a tremendous *mainan* that lasted three whole days. Besides the professional actors and actresses whom he had summoned from other parts of the island, all the amateurs of the place joined in the performance. In one play there were about sixty performers, and the crowds that had come to look on were immense. The *Pungawa* himself acted a principal part. In another performer, I recognised the man who looked after my horse when I rode to this place, and many other acquaintances from different occasions. All seemed to be born actors, though the Balinese *mainan* is not an easy thing for anybody to pick up.

The five-year-old son of the *Pungawa*, who still ran about completely naked, knew the Balinese dances, and performed them whenever he had a chance in front of my hut, hoping to be admired. I wondered how they had been able to train such a small child in such complicated acrobatic feats, but I was told that he had learnt it all by himself. A workman who was busy white-washing the outside of my hut glided down from his bamboo ladder, as agile as a monkey and covered with white chalk all over his dark-brown skin, and presented himself as a *mainan*, placing himself in theatrical poses and offering to pose as a model. My courtyard was continually filled with similar artists wishing to show their skill, and, if possible, be photographed or sketched. Thanks to their childish vanity, I always had plenty of models. The *Pungawa* was insatiable with regard to portraits of himself. As long as I had any films left, I had to take him in all sorts of *mainan* poses and different "clothes." As these consisted of merely a minimum—a sarong round his hips—I tried my best to explain to him that they would all look alike on a small photo. But as soon as I tried to snapshot anything else he was at my side, reminding me of the fact that he

knew still other effectful poses and owned still other beautiful sarongs.

Unlike the rest of the Balinese, who go about half naked, the dancing-girls are entirely covered except their faces, hands, and feet. The golden parts of their dresses—the *galungan*, or head-covering; the short coat covering their shoulders; and the *bebadong*, the shield worn on the breast—are cut out in gilded leather with transparent ornaments, and decorated with encrusted stones or pieces of coloured glass. Their other articles of clothing are mostly home-woven, or



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else *prada*-work—that is, gold leaves glued on silk—but always full of ornaments. Sometimes they are so overloaded with ornaments that it becomes grotesque. They get a cloth with ornaments printed or woven, and then they put another ornament on the top of it, batik-painted or *prada*-worked. They have a great fancy for ornaments wherever they can apply such on any material, cloth, wood, or stone.

On the *galungans* of the dancers fresh flowers are always fastened. Sometimes a huge black wig hangs down, with flowers fastened in its hair. In some

dances the head-covering consists of a coconut-shell, cut out as a half-moon, from which radiate metal wires, on each of which is fastened a fresh flower. This forms a huge halo in yellow, white, and red round the face. The outer circle is made of pointed buds which are also sometimes replaced by a semi-circle of native cigarettes.

Their natural eyebrows are shaved off, and others, differently shaped, are painted instead. Three white spots are painted on their faces, one between the eyes and one at the corner of each eye. That is the finishing touch in the dress of a dancing-girl. As a result of their permanent sirih-chewing their lips are crimson.

They have to be unnaturally slender and snake-like. Therefore their bodies are bound up in some thing like strong puttees, serving as corsets, from their early babyhood, when their training begins. At the age of ten they are accomplished artists, and they generally stop performing about the age of fifteen, as it is not the correct thing to dance publicly after being married.

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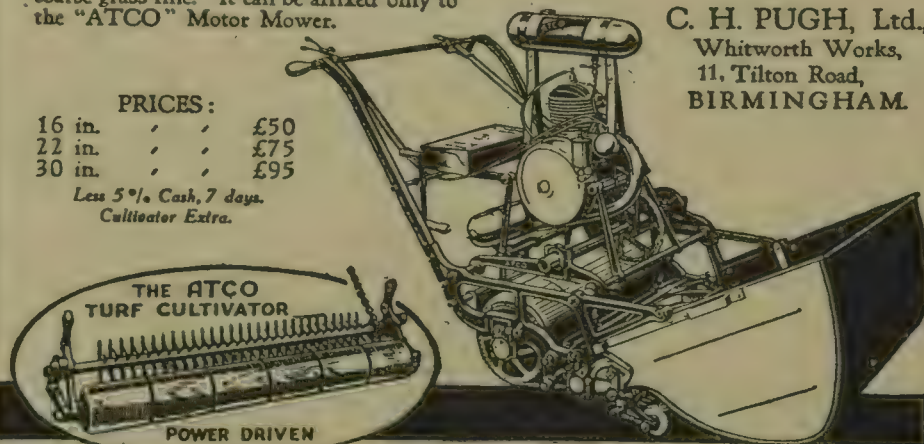
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W.M. Thackeray “Vanity Fair.” Ch. 1.

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RADIO NOTES.

THE TRANSMISSION OF MUSIC.

ONE of the most interesting problems in the science of broadcasting is that of rendering faithfully the different sounds produced by singers and by musical instruments of all kinds. To enable such sounds to reach human ears by means of radio-telephony they must be "heard" at first by a mechanical "ear," known as a microphone. Sound-waves are vibrations of the air, and they vary in frequency from a few vibrations per second when a note of low pitch is emitted, to thousands of vibrations for a sound of high pitch.

Every ordinary telephone has a microphone into which we speak, but it is constructed with but one object—the transmission of conversation at average voice frequencies at close range. The broadcast microphone, however, must respond to vibrations of sound ranging from the lowest to the highest pitches to which our ears are sensitive. Every voice—soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, bass—and all kinds of musical instruments, including the pianoforte, violin, 'cello, flute and piccolo, cornet, trombone, banjo, and many others—must be heard by the microphone with equal clarity and effect. That a microphone should respond to the range of tones of a single instrument is rather wonderful; but its response to all the complex sounds created by a number of instruments performing simultaneously is truly as remarkable as the reproduction of a full band via the point of a gramophone needle. In a modern broadcasting studio it has been found that the instruments of an orchestra transmit best when they are grouped at various distances from the microphone, according to the character of each instrument. The same applies in the case of a quartet, or a choir, of voices.

In America, which commenced broadcasting about a year before us, considerable experiments have been made in order to establish fixed rules for ensuring that the sounds are picked up by the microphone to the best advantage. Much success in this respect has been achieved by the Westinghouse Company, who entrusted the experiments to one of its staff, Mr. A. G. Popecke, who is a musician as well as an engineer. Describing his methods in the *Radio*

World, he states that by the constant study of distances at which various classes of performers produce the best results, and by noting the nature of the instruments and voices as to volume and resonance, valuable data were collected enabling the various kinds of performances to be placed correctly for the best results in transmission. With the aid of a modulation meter, indicating from "1 to 100" the intensity of the sound transmitted, knowledge is obtained as to the quality of the sounds which are being broadcast.



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Photograph by British Illustrations.

All music and speech must register not more than 100 on the meter, otherwise the transmission is distorted. Speech registers between 40 and 70, and a soprano averages about 35, rising to 75-100 on higher pitches and louder notes. Orchestral selections vary between 20 and 80, averaging about 40. If the meter

registers below 10 the sounds are too weak for transmission, and in such cases the microphone must be brought nearer to the performers or the amplifying current increased. It has been found that a bass singer must stand closer to the microphone than a tenor or contralto; whilst a soprano should be farther than other singers. In the case of an orchestral performance, the 'cello and double bass are nearest to the microphone, with the violins and violas forming a semi-circle behind the 'cello. Behind, in successive semi-circles, come the flutes and clarinets; cornets, trombones, and horns; percussion instruments behind all others.

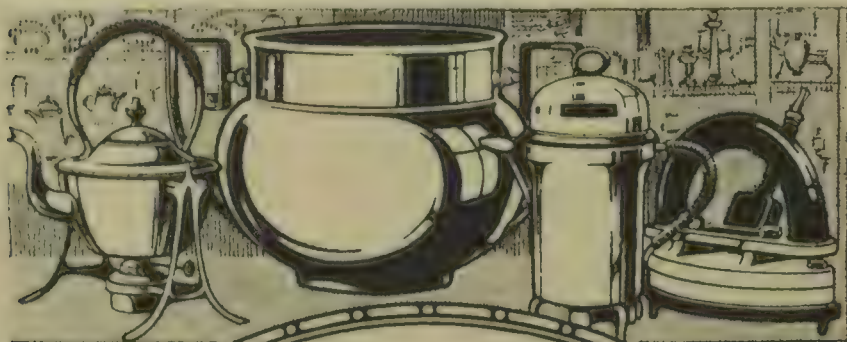
The successful transmission of sounds made by timpani, bass-drum, and the side-drum does not appear to have been accomplished so far. In view of the fact that most of the great composers included percussion effects in their scores, broadcasts of such pieces cannot be said to be complete unless the full effect is given. The inspiring effect of a side-drum, well played, is still missing from the powers of the microphone. Percussion effects were lacking noticeably in a recent broadcast from ZLO of Tchaikowsky's "1812" Overture, to the finale of which, in an ordinary performance, such vigour is given by the "big guns." Those instruments of percussion which do reproduce well are the tubular bells, tambourine, castagnets, cymbals, tom-tom, xylophone, and triangle.

THE INTEREST IN RADIO-TELEPHONY.

Licenses to the number of 122,946 have been granted in Great Britain to date, and 33,000 additional applications are now being dealt with at the General Post Office. As the result of complications due to the large demand for Experimental Licenses, the Postmaster-General has appointed a Committee to consider: Broadcasting in all its aspects; contracts and licenses which have been or may be granted; the action which should be taken upon the determination of the existing licenses to the Broadcasting Company; the uses to which broadcasting may be put; the restrictions which may need to be placed upon its uses or development.

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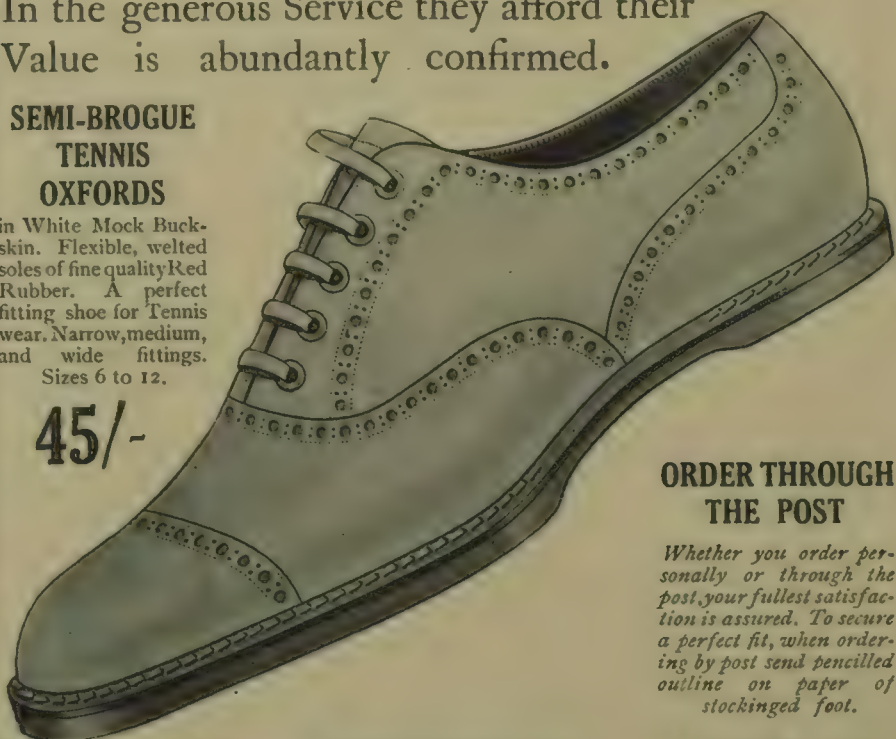
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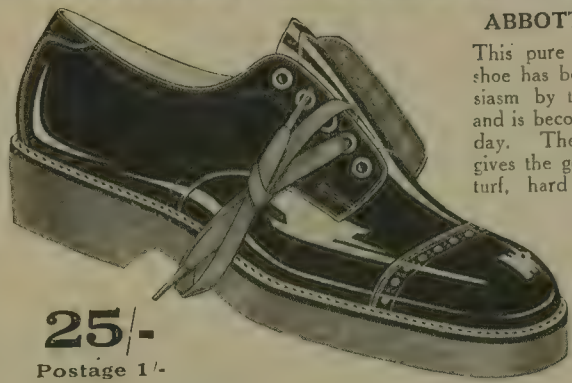
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Where the Money Goes. It is scarcely to be wondered at that a great deal of resentment has been caused in motoring circles by the action of the Government in allotting the huge sum of £1,250,000 in relief of rural rates.



A MODERN ROLLS-ROYCE CROSSING A PRIMITIVE HAND-WORKED SWEDISH FERRY: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

The car seen in the photograph is a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce of the latest type, belonging to Mr. Jage Cervin, being conveyed by ferry across Lake Venern, on the way from Gothenburg to Karlstad. In northern Sweden, with its many rivers, ferries are much used to link up the main roadways, and are operated by hand by a chain stretched from bank to bank.

Ostensibly this money is to be used for the maintenance of roads which are practically unused by motor traffic. What will be its ultimate destination is known only to those concerned. This granting aid seems to be perilously near to an absolute breach of faith. The moneys of the Road Fund were clearly designated from the start for road maintenance, and for the improvement of highways; but such highways were to be only such as are known as "classified." There was no intention that the money raised from the taxation of mechanically propelled vehicles should be applied to the general relief of local rates. If anybody wants relief, it is surely the payer of the present prohibitive and repressive taxation of the motor-car. When the Roads Act was passed, the

then Minister of Transport budgeted for a yield of £8,000,000, and distinctly stated that, if more money than this was raised through the motor taxes, the payers of these taxes would be entitled to relief. The anticipated yield during the coming financial year is roughly 60 per cent. over the basic figure I have quoted: yet the resultant surplus is considered to be rightly applied when handed out to local authorities to do practically as they choose with it. Not the least galling aspect is that apparently nothing can be done. The motoring community lacks cohesion, and, unlike a trade union, is unable to bring effective pressure to bear on the Government. All the individual can do is to grin and bear it with what equanimity he can muster.

Brighton and Police Traps.

I recently noted the prevalence of police traps and other signs of spring activity on the Brighton Road, and in and about Brighton itself. I further suggested that it would be by no means a bad thing if the London motorist transferred his attention to other resorts, and

spent his money there, to their benefit and his own enjoyment. Apparently, the shoe is beginning to pinch rather severely, for I have recently seen letters in the correspondence columns of the motoring journals complaining bitterly of the unfair tactics of the police in the districts named, and suggesting a motoring boycott of Brighton. The sooner this movement becomes effective the better. While I disapprove entirely of anything in the shape of dangerous or inconsiderate driving, and agree willingly that those who are guilty of outraging the amenities of the road should suffer, it is very seldom the

guilty really are brought to book when the police employ the methods which are the subject of complaint. As a rule, it is the inoffensive and really considerate driver who is summoned and fined for some merely technical infraction of an archaic law. By all means let us avoid Brighton until such time as the spirit of persecution has passed.

Daimler and B.S.A.

A few days ago I visited Coventry and the Daimler Works, on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting of the B.S.A. Company. Not being a shareholder, I confess the meeting itself possessed only a vicarious interest; but an ensuing tour of the works intrigued me vastly. The whole of the enormous factories were buzzing with activity, and there was every sign of prosperity and real business. After



AN 11-H.P. RILEY CAR DOES 118½ MILES ON 2 GALLONS OF MOTOR SPIRIT: A REMARKABLE R.A.C.-OBSERVED FUEL TEST.

Mr. J. Russell-Sharp, seen at the wheel on his "Eleven" Riley car, drove recently from London to Birmingham, and eight miles beyond, on two gallons of motor spirit, purchased by the R.A.C. and put into the tank by them. The total distance covered was 118½ miles, and an observer of the R.A.C. was in the car throughout the journey. The car and all its fittings, including Solex carburetter, were standard. The entire journey was done on top gear, and at the conclusion a speed of 48.4 m.p.h. was attained.

the period of depression through which the motor industry has been passing, it is indeed refreshing to find signs of real awakening so reassuring as I saw at Daimler's. Incidentally, two new Daimler models [Continued overleaf.]

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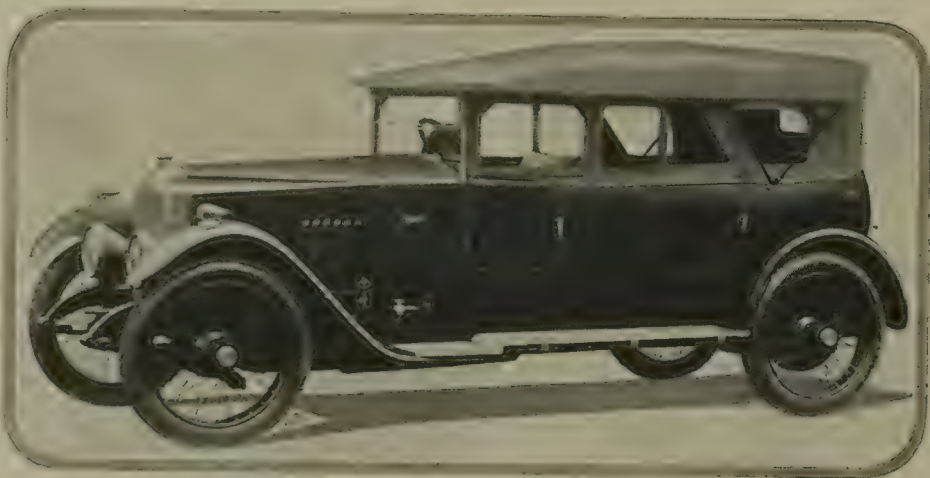
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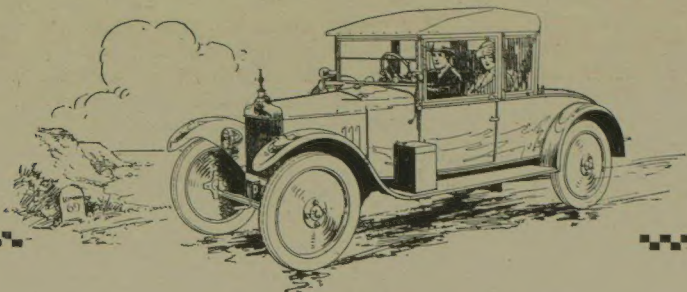
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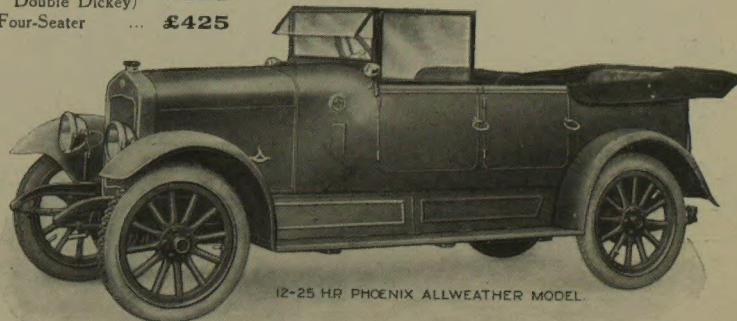
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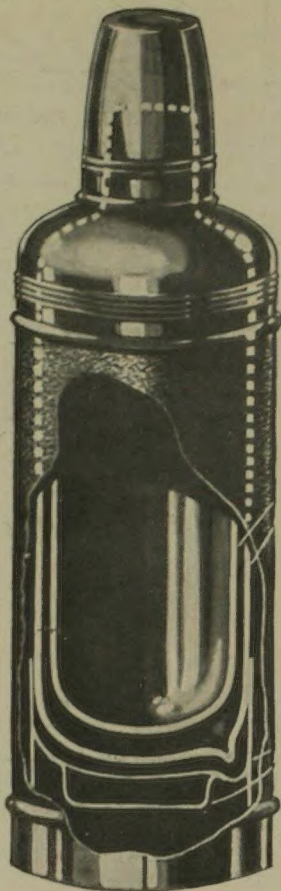
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are being produced. These are the 21-h.p. and 16-h.p. chassis, both of the six-cylinder type. The former, I understand, takes the place of the 20-h.p., while the latter is a new model. These two should be a very profitable addition to the already long range of Daimler and B.S.A. chassis.

A "No Motor" Chalk Lane, running from Epsom Downs past The Durdans, to Woodcote End Road, Epsom, is covered by a Ministry of Transport Order prohibiting the use of mechanically propelled vehicles, and at each end of the road in question there are signs to that effect. Following prosecutions of motorists for using the road, the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association investigated, and, after an inspection of the prohibition signs, are satisfied that they are sufficient, and properly placed, so that motorists strange to the district should not pass them inadvertently. It is possible, however, that where motorists have been accustomed to the use of certain roads for long periods, their observation of road notices becomes more or less casual, so that when, as in this case, prohibition notices are erected, it is easy to overlook them. It is for this reason that the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association desire to call special attention to the prohibited road referred to. Six special signs have been erected, each one consisting of a circular red disc, below which is the "prohibition" notice, supplemented by the well-known A.A. warning sign lettered "No Motors."

A New Vacuum Flask. Every motorist uses a vacuum flask. This is undoubtedly one of the most comfortable accessories to winter motoring; but most of the flasks whose acquaintance I have made have had serious drawbacks. It is annoying to find that, just when that cup of hot coffee would be most acceptable, the glass has splintered, or that the drink is stone-cold. A new type of flask has just been introduced, known as the "Isovac," which seems to be ever so much better than others of the type. It is made of what is known as "steel glass," which, I understand, is ordinary glass which goes through some special form of heat treatment which renders it immune

from fracture through sudden changes in temperature. The use of this special glass, moreover, enables the walls to be made much thicker than when ordinary glass is employed. The base of the glass itself is protected by a steel cap, and thus no corrugated cardboard or felt pads are used for protective purposes. It is not particularly cheap, the prices of the pint size ranging from 7s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.; but, as it is perfectly efficient and practically fracture-proof, it seems worth the extra money.—W. W.



THE NEW "ISOVAC" VACUUM FLASK.

civilisation and so-called progress; it is drama or melodrama—what matters the distinction?—which broaches a stupendous idea, and works its audience up

THE THRILLS OF "R.U.R.," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

It looks as if "R.U.R.," the work of the Czecho-Slovak playwright, Karel Capek, will prove to be the play of the year. There is no question of its originality and power, notwithstanding its resemblance to some of the Wellsian fantasies. It brings into the stale atmosphere of our theatre freshness of imagination, no little solid thought, the thrill of apprehension and terror, a grim note of satire at the expense of our

to more and more breathless excitement over a spectacle of human bankruptcy and defeat more ghastly than the gloomiest visions of Armageddon. Its story is that of Frankenstein and the monster which destroyed its maker extended to a world-wide scale. The Robots of "R.U.R."—machines originally made in human shape to save human labour (and fill a few capitalists' pockets) but gradually given human feelings because they damage themselves too recklessly and uneconomically, and at last so consistently improved that they become a sort of short-lived supermen in thralldom—are supposed to rise in revolt against humanity, and, turning its own weapons on it, to make a clean sweep of its millions, until only half a dozen of our species remain on an island under siege awaiting their end. The author's hypothesis, of course, calls for a great deal of make-believe: we have to credit mankind through the continents with an extraordinary impotence under the menace of such a catastrophe, and far too much is made to depend on the fate of a document which contains the secret of the Robots' manufacture and is burnt by the heroine. But the curtain at the close of the second act, in which the six doomed human beings hear from without the war-cry of the rebels sounding like the eeriest and most hideous of siren-calls, is one of the most impressive and harrowing situations our theatre has known for many a day; and nearly the whole of the following act, quietly tense for the most part, with explosions of panic or passion, keeps up to the high level of this scene. Far below it, dropping almost to bathos, is the sequel, in which a Robot and a Robotess, as new Adam and Eve, discover love, and therefore humanity's real secret, to the joy of the sole survivor of mankind; but the rest of the play has been too powerful for such lapse into conventional sentiment to spoil it. Mr. Basil Dean has produced a fine thing finely, his lighting and scenic effects being notably helpful; and at least half-a-dozen fine pieces of acting—from Mr. Basil Rathbone (never showing before such nervous strength), Mr. C. V. France, Mr. Brember Wills, Mr. Clifford Mollison, Miss Frances Carson (anxiety to the life), Miss Ada King, and above all, and most imaginative of all, Mr. Leslie Banks—dignify a play which deserves all that could be done for it by acting.

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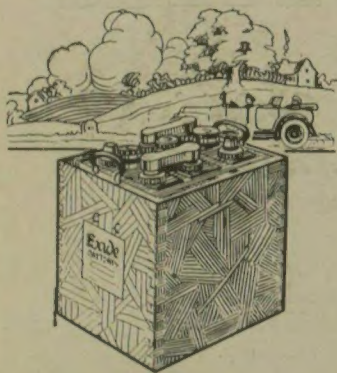
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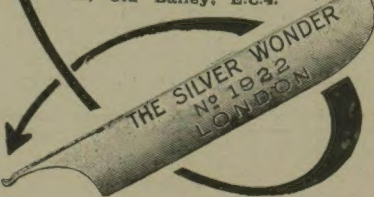
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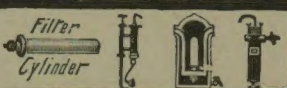
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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's
Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1' 2 6 & 4 6.

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester

To His Late Majesty

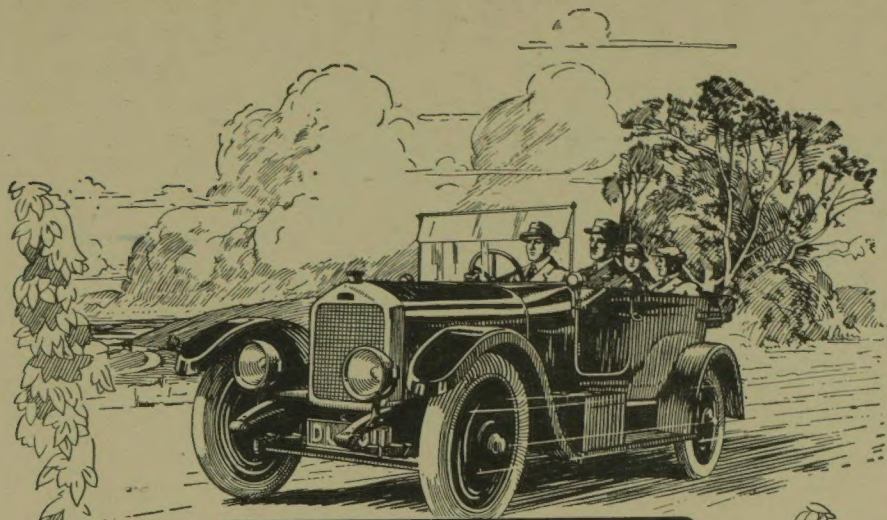


King Edward VII.

CARPET CLEANERS

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.

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PRICES REDUCED.



SINGER

15 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four-Five Seater
£500

THE universal success which the Singer 10 h.p. Models have commanded and the constant demands made for a more powerful model, have resulted in the introduction and perfection of the 15 h.p. Six Cylinder SINGER. Since Nov. 1921 (Olympia Show) it has made rapid strides in popularity. Seating 5 passengers and offering complete protection to all by means of its cleverly designed side screens, giving "Luxury car" comfort and equipment at touring car price, we feel that this new SINGER "Six" is better than any other car in its class.

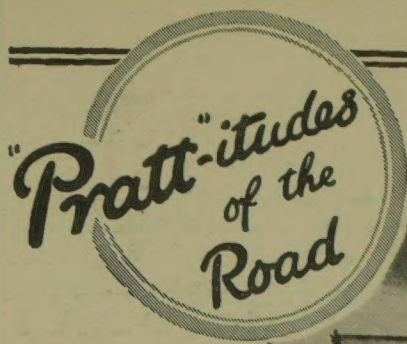
Make a point of seeing this "luxury" car yourself
10 h.p. SINGER All-Weather 2 & 4-Seaters £250
Dunlop Tyres and Rotax Equipment are standard.

Illustrated Catalogue and full particulars sent with pleasure.

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY
London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1
London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

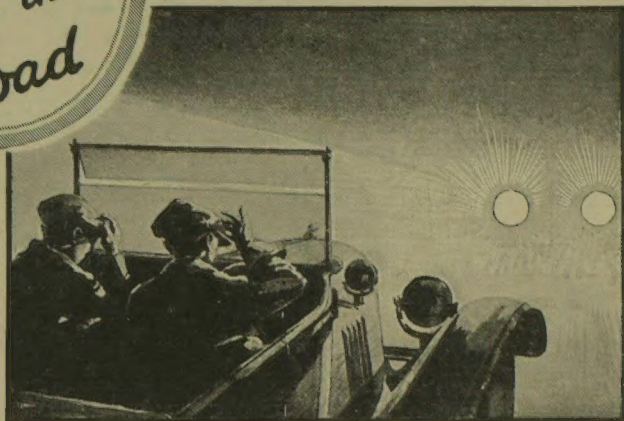


H.P.



No. 2

Dazzling
the Dazzler



There is a strong argument in support of a recognised rule governing headlights. Motorists would be the first to welcome a solution to the problem.

The difficulty of driving after facing the glare of strong lights is so well known that every considerate motorist invariably operates his dimmer or reduces his light when meeting a car or cyclist.

Signalling can only lead to confusion, dazzling the dazzler, and greater risk of accident.

By adopting either of the former methods a greater measure of safety would be assured, as well as a better spirit of friendliness.

Look for No. 3 of the Series.

Correspondence on these interesting subjects is invited.



PRATT'S

"For the better Spirit on the Road"

ANGLOCO

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD.
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Two Minute
TALKS ON
BUYING
A CAR

No. 2

Personal
Service

IT is often difficult when contemplating buying a car, to decide which will best serve your requirements. Why not write or call and discuss the question with us? Our long experience of the respective qualities and values of all makes enables us to give you sound advice. Advice that will ensure you making a good investment. The "personal service" we give all clients is the key to the reputation we have built. If you want a speedy car with a wonderful record of successes behind it, we can strongly recommend you to

GET A TALBOT-DARRACQ

It is remarkably fine value at £450, and if you desire to take advantage of our Deferred Payment Terms, here they are:—

To list price of 12 h.p. Talbot-Darracq	£450 0 0
Plus insurance premium for one year	13 11 10
	£463 11 10
Plus 6 per cent. credit charge for 18 months	27 16 4
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Payable:—	
20 per cent. as deposit	98 5 2
18 monthly payments of £21 16 6	393 3 0
	£491 8 2

Credit charge for 12 months 4 per cent.; for 24 months 8 per cent.

All Deferred Payment Credits are financed by ourselves, ensuring strict privacy, and no guarantees or references are required.

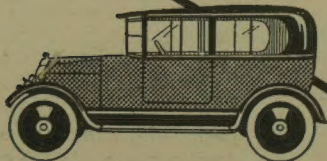
Whatever your motoring requirements consult—

Godfrey Davis Ltd

141, New Bond Street,
London, W.1

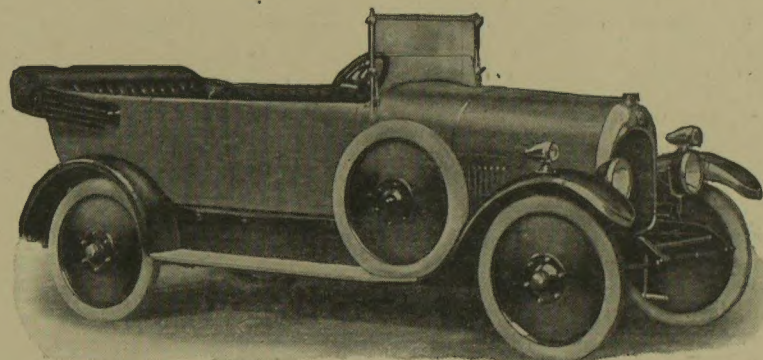
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HIRER DRIVING.

H.P.



Ruston-Hornsby

The Car of Quality & Value

"FIFTEEN"

This "Ruston-Hornsby" Model is exceedingly popular with the Family man who wishes to take up to five passengers with the maximum comfort

Brief Specification:

Dorman Engine 4 Cylinder 80 m/m x 130 m/m. Gear Box and Rear Axle in One Unit. Magneto Ignition. Spiral Bevel Final Drive. Disc Wheels with 815 x 105 Goodrich Cord Tyres. Springing: Front, Semi-elliptic; Rear, Three-quarter elliptic. Wheel Base, 9ft. 9in. Track, 4ft. 8in. Clearance, 9in. Overall Length, 14ft. with hood down. Adjustable Front Seat. Three Speeds and Reverse. One-man Canvas Hood with Cover for same and Flexible "Door-Opening" Side Curtains.

£475

Other Prices on application.

RUSTON & HORNSBY Ltd.

MOTOR WORKS.

LINCOLN.

LONDON AGENTS: C. B. Wardman & Co., Ltd., 122, Gt. Portland St., W.1

THE £ s. d. VALUE OF YOUR HAIR

Test "Harlene-Hair-Drill" FREE!

1,000,000 MAGNIFICENT HAIR-PROMOTING GIFTS.

DO you know that your Hair has a certain monetary value of its own to you in your everyday business life?

Many people are put down as "too old" simply because the condition of their Hair makes them look and feel so, when in reality they are really in the prime of life and at the best age to give satisfactory service to their employers.

Do not let this happen to you.

Beautiful Hair is the greatest gift Nature has to bestow, and is appreciated by everyone, whether in business or social life, and it is not even difficult or costly to obtain; in fact, you may start on the road TO-DAY, FREE of cost, by posting the Coupon below for a Valuable and Generous Gift Trial Outfit for the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Each of these Gift Outfits contains the following and makes a complete Seven-day Course:—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE,"

the Hair Food and Tonic with a reputation of upwards of 40 years to prove its efficacy. It is used by leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Leaders of Society all over the World and is the only Hair Food and Tonic which works Nature's way.

2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO.

This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.

3. A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON,"

a high-class Brilliantine that gives to "Harlene-Drilled" Hair the radiant lustre of perfect health, and which is especially beneficial in those cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. THE SECRET MANUAL OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL," containing the discoverer's detailed Instructions for the most effective method of carrying out the "Hair-Drill."

HOW "HARLENE" MAKES YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL.

The action of "Harlene" on Thin, Weak, Straggly, and Impoverished Hair is a "building-up" of the weakened "follicles" or Hair Roots by the banishment of all scurf and

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL.

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the Proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in factories and offices, who have been worried about the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and

in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR WRITE NOW.

Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointment you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself, as well as by a host

of the world's most beautiful actresses and Society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. *Illus. London News, 5/5/23.*

NOTE TO READERS.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin the coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.



Whether in business or social life, your hair possesses a certain £ s. d. value of its own. What is the value of YOUR Hair? Do you possess Beautiful, Long, Lustrous and Wavy Hair, which commands attention everywhere? If not, post the Coupon below to-day for a FREE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT and commence to raise the value of your Hair to 20/- in the £. The demand for this great FREE Hair-growing and Beautifying Gift is sure to be great. Post the Coupon at once and so avoid disappointment.

similar ailments, making the hair grow long, lustrous, and beautifully wavy. Test it yourself TO-DAY FREE.

REGAIN HAIR-HEALTH THIS WAY FREE.

If you have any form of hair trouble, from no matter what cause it may arise, do not hesitate to avail yourself of this offer. Ask yourself these questions, and answer them to yourself:—

1. Do I suffer from Scalp Irritation?
2. Am I going bald?
3. Is my hair straggly and thin?
4. Does my hair come out in the comb or brush?
5. Does it fall out at any time?
6. Do my hairs split?
7. Is my hair too greasy or oily?
8. Is it, on the other hand, too dry?
9. Do I suffer from scurf?
10. Is my hair too wiry or unruly?
11. Is it too soft and straight?

These are eleven important questions which everyone should ask themselves. If you cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction, your hair is out of order. It only requires a short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.